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### Contents.

<b>THE LITERARY WEEK</b> .. .. .	123
<b>REVIEWS.</b>	
Henry V. .. .. .	127
Submarine Warfare .. .. .	128
Francis Bacon Our Shake-spears—Bacon and Shake-spears Parallelisms .. .. .	129
Man's Place in the Universe .. .. .	129
An T-dr Ghert .. .. .	130
Sir Hew of Eglington—Huchown of the Awle Ryale .. .. .	131
<b>SHORT NOTICES:</b>	
Cycle Rides Round London—The Story of P. agas—Lays after Labour— The Great Alternative .. .. .	131
<b>FICTION:</b>	
The Conquest of Charlotte—Papa—D.sellers by the River—The Ball .. .. .	133
Notes on the Week's Novels .. .. .	134
<b>ARTICLES.</b>	
<b>THE PROSE CENTURY.</b> .. .. .	135
"Mainly About" Thérèse Humbert .. .. .	136
Lonely Words .. .. .	137
The Truth about an Author—XVI. .. .. .	138
<b>MUSIC:</b>	
On Musical Criticism .. .. .	139
<b>ART:</b>	
Japanese Pictures in Whitechapel .. .. .	140
<b>SCIENCE:</b>	
What Dreams are made of .. .. .	141
<b>CORRESPONDENCE:</b>	
Ruskin and the Fallen Campanile .. .. .	142
The Mill of Silence .. .. .	142
Lod's Town .. .. .	142
Kensington Gardens .. .. .	142
<b>WEEKLY COMPETITION:</b>	
Paper on a daily compulsory walk, as distinct from a recreative walk .. .. .	142

THE trade follows the flag, and now that the British flag waves peacefully over South Africa we learn that the book trade is not far behind it. Publishers have of course had but little profit out of South Africa of late, though it has been the subject of innumerable books. But while the market at home remains very flat, there comes increased demand from the newly pacified region. Our fellow subjects in South Africa are evidently anxious to make up for lost time, and catch up with such intellectual advance as we have made since 1899. Books about the war, which have had their day here, are entering into second life and second editions there. Moreover, as the Boer children are all going to school in order to be turned into good little British boys and girls, there is a steadily rising demand for school-books.

AMONG the younger Colonial artists, Mr. Rupert Bunny is, probably, the most distinguished. He has obtained medals from the Paris Salon and also at the last Paris Exhibition. His portrait of Madame Melba in this year's Academy has attracted a great deal of attention from connoisseurs, and, in former years, he has been represented by many imaginative works. Two pictures of great beauty were recently shown at the Colonial Exhibition in London. While Mr. Bunny has his own manner the influence of Veronese is present in the boldness of his designs and the beauty of his female figures. We believe that an exhibition of this painter's chief productions will be arranged later on in this year, and, beyond any doubt, his landscapes will appeal to the wisest class of picture buyers.

### The Literary Week.

MR. CARNEGIE has announced his intention of presenting to Mr. John Morley the library of the late Lord Acton which he purchased recently. At the time of Lord Acton's death the library was estimated to contain nearly 100,000 volumes, of which the majority bear upon secular and ecclesiastical history. The local and national history of France, Germany, and Italy are fully represented, and the history of the Papacy and of French Protestantism form an important part of the collection. The library which Mr. Carnegie's munificence places at Mr. Morley's disposal can scarcely, on its own lines, be surpassed by any public institution.

MR. MORLEY, we presume, will, for more than one reason, regard this gift rather as a trust than a private possession. The ecclesiastical tone of the collection scarcely harmonises with the personal tastes of Mr. Gladstone's biographer. Moreover the mere housing of so huge a library is a serious and costly matter, and librarians estimate the cost of accommodation at something like £20,000. Even should Mr. Morley hand over this gift to his own *alma mater* or to the University of which Lord Acton was so distinguished a leader, the question of expense might form a bar to its acceptance. But possibly Mr. Carnegie has foreseen the embarrassment which his generosity might cause, and provided against it.

Now that Mr. Arthur Balfour is Prime Minister we may expect, with confidence, a greater encouragement of the highest achievements in literary art than we have had since the days of Viscount Bolingbroke. France, with its splendid record of literary criticism, committed one unforgettable mistake in its official neglect during his lifetime of Balzac. The nearest parallel in England to the great Tourangeau novelist is George Meredith. Critics differ and will continue to differ about his gifts as a mere story teller, but as a psychologist, and, above all, as a delineator of women's characters, he takes rank above Richardson because of his greater range, and in subtlety it might well be argued that he can be placed above Shakespeare.

We print in our correspondence column a letter from Mr. Bernard Capes concerning *The Mill of Silence*, a book, it appears, written many years ago and now republished as a new work. The other day Mrs. Mary E. Mann wrote in similar terms to the *Daily Chronicle* about her *In Summer Shade*. This raises once more a question to which we have often referred, and we can only repeat our opinion that the practice, which appears to be growing, of publishing as new books what are in fact not new at all, is quite unfair both to the author and the public. It may be urged with some justice that the author should guard himself against such a possibility by the terms of his agreement. But it would hardly occur to the author that



any publisher would wish to issue, as new, work which had previously appeared in volume form. However, it seems that in some instances such a safeguard is essential.

DURING the coming winter it is proposed to give performances, both in London and Oxford, of a Nativity Play, entitled "Bethlehem," written by Mr. Laurence Housman, with music by Mr. Joseph Moorat. The whole production will be designed and directed by Mr. Gordon Craig, who will have the co-operation of Mr. Martin Shaw as musical conductor. The first performance will take place in London on or about December 31, 1902, and representations at Oxford will be given about the same time. In neither case will the play be given in a theatre, and as it is necessary for the management to be free from any restrictions which the Censor of Plays might wish to impose, they have to rely entirely on subscribers to make the production in London possible. None but subscribers and their friends will be admitted to the performances. A subscription of one guinea will secure a bound volume of words, and either one front seat, two second, or three back seats, at a single performance of the play. Two guineas or upwards entitles the subscriber to a proportionate number of seats. In the allotment of these priority will be given to subscribers in the order in which their subscriptions have been received. If sufficient support is forthcoming, a "Pageant of Our Lady," by the same author and composer, will be given as well as the Nativity Play, but in London only. Subscriptions may now be sent to the Secretary, John Baillie, Esq., 1 Princes Terrace, Hereford Road, Bayswater, W.

By an unfortunate misprint last week, in the paragraph about what was known as to the real authorship of the "Waverley Novels" in 1819, the German edition of the English text of Scott's works, instead of being published, as stated, at *Twickenham*, should have been at *Zwickau* in Saxony. It might further be stated that the correction of the press in the reprint is mentioned as "by an Englishman," presumably the J. M. F. who supplies the prefatory note on Walter Scott, and who adds all the "Waverley Novels" published within at least two years of 1819. The printer is Joseph Englemann of Heidelberg. Here is a copy of the title:—

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Printed for Brothers Schumann.  
1819.

In addition to the Ettrick Shepherd, who was instanced as one who was certain as to the authorship of the "Waverley Novels" before the public avowal by Scott, John Wilson Croker's name may be added; he never believed that Tom Scott, Sir Walter's brother, was the true author, and was staggered at Scott's disavowal on a certain occasion. John Barrow wrote from the Admiralty to Macvey Napier in 1822 after the publication of the *Pirate*: "Pray tell Sir Walter when next you see him that we don't admit reformed pirates into our navy." This is a very shrewd guess at the authorship of the *Pirate*, which appeared in December 1821. Then Sydney Smith, writing to a correspondent in 1820, said: "Have you read *Ivanhoe*? It is the least dull, and the most easily read through of all Scott's novels." It would be easy to multiply more examples.

APROPPOS of American journalism it is a pleasure to record the changes which have just been made in that excellent periodical, *Harper's Weekly*. With the issue of this periodical for July 5, the size of the weekly has been reduced from folio to quarto size. It contains forty pages of reading matter and illustrations. From the cover the time-honoured insignia of the Harpers are missing. Instead there is a design based on the picture of the Goddess of Liberty, whose torch illuminates the names of the principal contributors and their topics—the opening chapters of Anthony Hope's new novel "The Intrusion of Peggy"; "The Five Boons of Life," by Mark Twain; "The Fourth-of-July Boy," by W. D. Howells, and an anniversary poem, "Santiago," by Thomas A. Janvier. On the other side of the Goddess are the names of the contributors to the "Comment." This "Comment" is a curious feature which consists of several pages of paragraphs on all sorts of more or less timely topics, set forth without any particular typographic ostentation.

PROBABLY not a few of our readers could write an interesting account of their feelings when they first walked round the British Museum Reading Room. And if they did so their impressions would doubtless read like those of a writer in the July *Atlantic Monthly* who whimsically argues that a great library should be enjoyed as a whole, without any petty personal quest. "I am as fond as the next man," he says, "of knowing what I am about, but when I find myself ushered into a great library I do not know what I am about any sooner than I can help. I shall know soon enough—God forgive me! When it is given to a man to stand in the Assembly Room of Nations, to feel the ages, all the ages, gathering around him, flowing past his life, to listen to the immortal stir of Thought, to the doings of The Dead, why should a man interrupt—interrupt a whole world—to know what he is about? I stand at the junction of all Time and Space. I am the three-tenses. I read the newspaper of the universe. . . . I can only speak for one, but I must say, for myself, that as compared with this feeling one has in the door, this feeling of standing over a library—mere reading in it, sitting down and letting one's self be tucked into a single book in it—is a humiliating experience." But the writer is correct when he says that the feeling wears off. Few of the frequenters of the Reading Room do not look as though they had recently fed on honeydew and drunk the milk of paradise.

MR. W. HALE WHITE, author of the "Mark Rutherford" series of books, who contributes "Reminiscences of George Eliot" to the August *Bookman*, was for some time connected with John Chapman, who for many years owned and edited the *Westminster Review*. At this period, some forty years ago, he saw a good deal of Miss Evans, as George Eliot was then known, at Chapman's shop, which was situated in the Strand, almost directly opposite Catherine Street. One of the chapters in the *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* relates, it will be remembered, the writer's experience as assistant to a publisher who "sold books of a sceptical turn," and was assisted by his "niece Theresa." It is interesting, in this connection, to be reminded that George Eliot acted for a short time as sub-editor of the *Westminster*. Mr. Hale White retired from the position he held in the Admiralty Office about twelve years ago, and resides at Crowborough, near Hastings.

THE authorship of *Mark Rutherford* has for some years now been an open secret, though Mr. Hale White and his family endeavoured to the utmost to maintain the anonymity of his pseudonymous books. "I am sorry to say I know nothing of the books to which you refer," a daughter

of Mr. White's replied to a correspondent a number of years ago, "and I do not think my father, if he were able to write to you, could help you. Your note apparently should have been addressed to a publisher, for I am not aware that my father's name has appeared on the title page of any book save one written some years ago." This allusion is, of course, to *The Ethic of Spinoza*, which in its several editions has the name "W. Hale White" on its title-page.

A WRITER in the *Church Quarterly* has some interesting things to say concerning "Some Aspects of the Modern Novel." The point of view taken is, perhaps, a little narrow, though by no means wholly unjustified, and it is supported, on the whole, temperately and well. The writer finds the modern novel bewildering in its efforts to strike new ground. "The modern novel," he says, "is not only ubiquitous, it is omniverous":—

It might have been supposed that all available material was long since exhausted; but whilst real genius will always prove "the old, old story" to be worth retelling, modern ingenuity finds topics for imaginative handling in the most unpromising directions—in the Zionist Movement, for example, in the *fin de siècle* company promoter, in the Tammany ring, in the wild ravings of a half-insane gum-digger, in the dissection and display of the innermost heart of a solitary Spanish priest "unlured by vain passion and wandering amongst the dyi<sup>ng</sup> gods of dead civilization." The area over which the modern novelist roams is illimitable, and it will take ages before he will have to sit down and weep that no more worlds are left for him to conquer.

But what the writer finds most to his distaste is what he conceives to be the false freedom claimed by novelists to treat any and all manifestations of life, a freedom resulting, he says, "in stories which portray characters that are utterly invertebrate. Strength of will is dissolved in hysterical emotion. Self-abandonment is at once man's fate and his highest wisdom."

CONCERNING the religious novel the writer expresses himself thus:—

What shall we say of the ordinary type of religious novel in its too common perversion to become the vehicle of misrepresentation, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness? How commonplace and faded are its leading types—the High, the Low, the Broad Church, the Romanist, the Dissenting, the sceptical! We are weary of the lay figures dressed up in conventional costume—the Jesuit in disguise, the milkop of a curate, the Dissenting preacher with a soul above his sordid surroundings, the odious Anglican painted by Romanists as a pendant to equally detestable and unvarnished portraiture of the Popish priest as conceived by ultra-Protestant authors. It is almost inconceivable that anyone should unconsciously "give himself away," as do many novelists of this class of fiction.

That is perfectly true of many novels which set out to be more or less religious. As a type of the story in which religion is treated with "knowledge, dignity, and reserve," *John Inglesant* is very properly named, though we hardly agree with the writer in his selection of certain other novels for unqualified praise. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, for example, does not seem to us to reveal "depths of spiritual thought." But it is kind of the *Church Quarterly* to say so.

PROF. MARK H. LIDDELL (of America) has written a book called *Introduction to the Scientific Study of English Poetry*, which is an effort to consider the phenomena of poetry scientifically, and to suggest a new system of prosody. The Professor is nothing if not scientific. He waves aside all "present notions" of poetry, which he defines as "vague and bewildering" and "literary and not scientific." Listen to Prof. Liddell's definition:—

Poetry is literature, usually of a high degree of Human Interest, which in addition to its Human Interest has in it an

added Æsthetic Interest due to the arrangement of some easily recognizable and constantly present concomitant of thought-formulation into a form of æsthetic appeal for which an appreciative Æsthetic Sentiment has been gradually developed in the minds of those who habitually think by means of the language in which the poetry is written.

This enlightening definition is further elucidated by an algebraic formula which stands as follows:—

$x + HI + VF$ ,—meaning "ideas formulated in terms of correlated sound-group-images" + Human Interest + Verse Form.

After this we are not surprised to hear that Prof. Liddell has evolved a prosody of his own which includes a new nomenclature and notation. Thus, for "verse," he substitutes "thought-moment," and for "fact," "waves of Impulse." And the whole thing, after all, helps neither poetry nor prosody, but only makes for mild merriment.

C. K. S. in *The Tatler* alludes to the prevalent idea that this is especially the age of women writers, and that the interest in George Eliot arose from her coming at a time when women authors were not so common as to-day. "As a matter of fact," he writes, "in proportion to the number of books published, women authors were every whit as plentiful in 1856 as they are now. Miss Brontë, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Marsh, Julia Kavanagh, and a host of other names immediately occur to one as then having a vogue, and, indeed, on the lines of historical and biographical industry, women were far more in evidence then than they are at present." Moreover one has but to look through any of the innumerable *Garlands*, *Friends* and other gift-books to realize that in the short and silly story as well woman was paramount.

THE following interesting Dickens relics were recently offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, at their rooms in Wellington Street, Strand, when they realised the sum of £85.

1261. Dickens (Charles) The mahogany office table, the office chair, the high back cane chair, and looking glass, in mahogany frame, which for many years were in daily use by Charles Dickens in his private office at 26, Wellington Street, Strand, where he edited *All the Year Round*.

These relics of the famous novelist were given by Charles Dickens' son to the housekeeper, Mrs. Hedderley, from whom they were bought by the late Henry Walker, and removed to the residence of his step-son James Hooper, of Bromley, Kent, who alone from that time has had the custody of them. Signed and witnessed attestation papers accompany them. It is now proposed to offer these relics for sale by private treaty, and those interested can inspect them at No. 9, Hanover Park, Peckham, S.E., together with the attestation papers.

A LONDON correspondent of the *Nation* contributes to that journal an interesting appreciation of Sir Leslie Stephen. We are left in doubt as to whether the writer represents American or English opinion, but there is hardly likely to be much difference between the two. He says of Sir Leslie Stephen that he is "the very type of a man of letters," possessing the detachment of mind which is essential to perfect sincerity and truthfulness. He proceeds:—

Every word he has written has the ring of absolute truthfulness. This, however, is in great part due, not to the mere absence of bias, but to that zeal for the propagation of truth without which the labors of the mere man of letters will appear to most of us to be of very little value. In this matter Sir Leslie Stephen stands preëminent among the men of his day. During the thirty years and more which have passed since he began publication, the *Essays on Free Thinking and Plain Speaking*, the *History of English Thought*



in the XVIIIth Century, the *Science of Ethics*, *An Agnostic's Apology*, *Social Rights and Duties*, and the *English Utilitarians*, each afford evidence of Leslie Stephen's devoted ardor in the promotion of truthfulness both in speech and in thought.

This is a deserved tribute to a writer of unflinching knowledge and charm.

In the *British Weekly* Claudius Clear writes luminously on the project of the City of London school for training boys in journalism, holding, in opposition to some loudly expressed views, that journalism should and can be taught:—

But I frankly admit that many can never be taught journalism. This is one great reason why the school should be encouraged. It would sift out the incompetent. The teachers, if they were doing their duty, would by-and-by say to this pupil and the other, "You have made a mistake. You can never succeed in this business." For journalism is not so much an ability as a knack. Some men know by nature what is interesting. They have the gift of individuality. Whatever else life may be to them, it hardly ever ceases to be interesting. They can pick up news, they can remember, they can put two and two together, they can hear, and they can see. Even these will not come to them at once. It will take them three years to become thoroughly acquainted with the routine of newspaper publishing and management. I do most firmly believe that three-fourths of what they learn in these three years might be learned equally well in a special training school.

## Bibliographical.

WITH reference to a communication in last week's *ACADEMY*, I may note that Palgrave kept Darley's "It is not beauty I demand" in his *Golden Treasury* at least so late as 1874. Why the poem does not appear in the current edition of the *Treasury* I do not know; it could easily have been transferred to the fourth (modern) section. If it was worth inclusion in the first edition (1861), why should it not have been retained throughout, though in its proper place? It must be remembered to Palgrave's discredit that he did not hesitate to curtail and even "edit" poems, and that it was only after strong remonstrances that he restored the full text of Hood's "We watch'd her breathing thro' the night." It has always been my belief that what was meritorious in the *Golden Treasury* (which has been greatly over-praised) was really due, not to Palgrave, but to Tennyson. In his dedication to Tennyson of the first series (1861), Palgrave says: "It has been completed under your advice and assistance." In the dedication of the second series (1897) to the memory of Tennyson, Palgrave notes that the first series was "kindly supervised" by his illustrious friend. How untrustworthy was Palgrave's own critical judgment is glaringly apparent in the second series of the *Treasury*, which is remarkable about equally for its sins of omission and of commission.

The announcement of a forthcoming edition of the works of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes is not at all surprising, seeing that that worthy divine has never lost his popularity among serious-minded people. A selection from his Sermons was issued in 1868, and Canon Liddon edited his *Manual for the Sick* in 1869 (a fourth edition appearing in 1883). In 1883 came a reprint of the *Private Devotions*, and in 1887 and 1898 reprints of *Seventeen Sermons on the Nativity*. The *Devotions* (in Greek and Latin) was reproduced in 1897 and 1898, the former year seeing the issue of selections from *Private Devotions*, and a reprint of *Prayers for the Week*. A translation by P. G. Medd of the *Private Devotions* appeared in 1899. A memoir of the Bishop was written by Mr. R. L. Ottley and published in 1894. About a year later we had from the Rev. Alex. Whyte, of Edinburgh, *Lancelot Andrewes and his Private Devotions: a Biography, a Transcript, and an Interpretation*. In 1898 Lady Mary Wood wrote a little

biography of Andrewes under the title of *The Story of a Saintly Bishop's Life*. It will be seen, therefore, that the Bishop still has a *clientèle*, and is likely to retain it.

A wonderful shilling's-worth is Mr. Grant Richards' new edition of *Robinson Crusoe*. Nevertheless, I should like to see a reprint of the famous story which should include, by way of appendix, the *Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures* of Defoe's hero. These came out in the year following the publication of the *Adventures* and the *Farther Adventures*, and, though not remarkable as literature or philosophy, do shed some light both upon *Crusoe* and upon the personality of its creator. In the preface Defoe claims that *Crusoe* is in some respects "a kind of type of what the dangers and vicissitudes and surprising escapes of his own life had been." It might be worth some publisher's while to issue the *Serious Reflections* separately. I have a vague impression that they were comprised in an edition of *Crusoe* produced a good many years ago by Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, of Edinburgh; but I do not know whether that edition is still in the market. If it is not, it ought to be.

An interesting addition to theatrical literature is about to be made by a writer who proposes apparently to reproduce, with additions, the autobiography of the late J. R. Anderson. This autobiography appeared originally in the columns of a North Country paper. That it has not got into book form before now has not altogether surprised me, for Anderson, popular as he was in his day, has never impressed himself, like Macready and other "leading men" of that period, upon the memory or imagination of the public. He was the original De Mauprat in "Richelieu," the first Charles Courtley in "London Assurance," the first Earl Mertoun in "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and so forth; and yet I doubt if his name is remembered by ninety-nine out of a hundred playgoers. Some account of him is to be found in published theatrical chronicles, but the promised biography or autobiography should be (relatively) of some value.

The promised abridgment of John Wesley's *Journal* will, no doubt, find its public. Something of the sort, however, was done ten or eleven years ago, when a book was published called *John Wesley his own Biographer*. This was at the time of the centenary, when volumes about Wesley were rife, at least four coming out in 1891. Of Southey's *Life* there was a new edition in 1893. So numerous were the publications by and concerning John and Charles Wesley that Mr. Richard Green was led to compile a bibliography thereof, which came out originally in 1896, and in a cheaper form in 1899.

The brothers De Goncourt, I note, are to be represented in Mr. Heinemann's "Century of French Romance" by a translation of their *Renée Mauperin*. The story, of course, is not new to English readers, having been issued in English by Messrs. Vizetelly in 1887—the year which saw the issue of an English version of the brothers' *Germinie Lacerteux*. Their *Sister Philomène* was also published in English in 1890, and we all remember the edition of their letters and journals which Mr. Heinemann brought out in 1894.

The "Man of Kent" reminds us that the centenary of the birth of Thomas Aird has arrived. The reminder is timely and acceptable, for Aird, though not a man of genius, had great talent, and deserves to be remembered. I cannot trace any edition of his poems later than that of 1878, to which a memoir was prefixed. It would be interesting to know if that edition is still in circulation.

The new volume of short stories by T. B. Aldrich will be welcome. Over here this delicate and charming writer is best known by his poetry, but many are aware that he has been as successful in prose fiction as in verse. It will be remembered that an American edition of his *Works*, in seven volumes, was issued in this country a year or two ago.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## A National Hero.

*Henry V.* By Charles Lethbridge Kingsford, M.A. (Putnams.)

LIKE many other good books, this latest contribution to the "Heroes of the Nations" series is based upon an article contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography*. It is a sound and judicious bit of historical work. Mr. Kingsford, who declares his obligations to the late Bishop Stubbs in his preface, belongs to the young Oxford school of historians, and has the qualities of his type. He is admirably documented, a faithful student of all original authorities, whether in the form of records or of chronicles, curious even of the account books of the duchy of Lancaster, from which he carefully sets down the expenditure upon "soap and shoes, cloaks and mantles, black straw hats, scarlet caps and green russet gowns" for Henry and his brothers, and how when his hero was nine years old, harp-strings were bought for his harp, and three-quarters of an ounce of tissue of black silk for his sword. Doubtless these things help to humanise the history; certainly they are eminently characteristic of the methods of the historian. Contemporary material, however, is ample for the reign of Henry V., and Mr. Kingsford's task is less to discover than to arrange and expound it. This he seems to us to do with great lucidity, putting in a very clear light the problems with which Henry had to grapple, and expounding the relations in which his buccaneering exploits in France stood to his diplomatic intrigues with Sigismund of Germany, and to the ecclesiastical policy which he supported during the struggles of Pope and Anti-pope, and through the English representatives at the council of Constance. For ourselves, although we respect the soundness of Mr. Kingsford's judgment, and admire the completeness with which he has mastered his subject, we must confess that we like our history a little more written than he is willing to give it us. Most young Oxford historians seem to be afraid to write, lest they should be mistaken for Mr. Froude; and for colour or character in the style of the present book the reader must look rather to the conscientious excerpts from the sources than to any contribution of the author's own. Mr. Kingsford's austerity in this matter is, however, perhaps preferable to the flamboyance of archaism with which Mr. Wylie has covered part of the same ground.

Mr. Kingsford has an interesting chapter upon the extent to which the traditional conception of Henry V. imposed upon the English imagination by Shakespeare is really justified by recorded fact:—

When studying the history of Henry of Monmouth as given by sober chroniclers, what strikes us most is that he should have played so great a part at so young an age. As a boy he had served his apprenticeship in arms, and as commander in the field suppressed a serious rebellion; he had hardly reached manhood before he was called upon to preside over the Government and direct the affairs of the nation. So his strenuous youth had been spent in the battlefield and council-chamber, and it seems difficult to guess when, if ever, he could have found relaxation in pursuits more natural to his years. Popular tradition has a different tale to tell:

"Since his addiction was to courses vain:  
His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow;  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports."

The contradiction is to all appearances complete; on the one side the evidence of facts is overwhelming; on the other hand the weight of tradition is too great to be lightly put aside.

We agree with Mr. Kingsford that the problem afforded is "not insoluble." The tradition taken by Shakespeare from Holinshed, and from the slightly older (not, as Mr. Kingsford says, "much older") play of *The Famous*

*Victories of Henry V.*, errs only negatively in disregarding the "strenuous" side of Henry's early years; it does not follow that the element of recklessness and dissipation on which it lays stress was not there too. Nor is it necessary even to suggest with Mr. Kingsford that the young prince's "London boon companions were probably no dissolute roysterers like Shakespeare's Poina and Bardolph, but rather perhaps like that 'Court of Good Company' of which Hoccleve and Henry Somer, the friends of Chaucer, were among the principal members." Pitt broke through a toll-bar when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and there seems no particular reason why Henry may not have filled up the leisure moments of his strenuity by "hurlyng in Estechepe," even as his brothers, "the lorde Thomas and the lorde John" are recorded to have done. And, in fact, more than one of the contemporary chroniclers record the "recklessness" and "lasciviousness" of his youth, and the remarkable change of manners which took place on his accession to the throne. With regard to the specific stories dear to seventeenth century biographers, Mr. Kingsford traces that of the committal by the Chief Justice to the "Governor" of Sir Thomas Elyot, published in 1531, and thinks that "it is just possible that Elyot may be reproducing some legend of the courts, with which as a lawyer he had become familiar." For that of waylaying and robbing the King's tax gatherers, Holinshed gives Stowe as his authority. Stowe was a great collector of documents, and it is very likely indeed that he had here, as in some other cases, the advantage of using material which has not been identified by modern researchers. There does not seem to be any particular reason for discrediting either of the stories.

Mr. Kingsford's full title for his book is *Henry V. The Typical Mediæval Hero*, a characterisation for which he confesses his indebtedness to Bishop Stubbs. With all deference, we do not feel quite sure that it is wholly applicable. Here is Mr. Kingsford's own final word on Henry:—

Henry had a fine conception of his duty as King, but we cannot regret that his dream of a united Christendom and a new Crusade should have failed. The modern order was not to spring from any restoration of ancient ideals. The time was at hand for fresh faiths and fresh principles of government, for society to be remodelled on a new basis. Europe, however unconscious, stood at the parting of the ways and must enter upon her inheritance of progress by a rough and novel road. Henry, for all his genius, was not fitted by temperament to be her leader. He was the perfect pattern of the mediæval hero, born, as it were, out of due time, and instinct with all the traditions of the past. His ideals were those of authority in Church and State, of a King who ruled a willing people as a trust from God, of a society based, not on equality, but on the mutual interchange of rights and obligations. It is a noble theory, the mediæval vision of a Golden Future that is yet far distant. Still, if Henry was the champion of a lost cause, nothing can rob him of the fame due to those who have spent their lives in the quest of a great ideal. A special charm and pathos must always attach to the memory of that princely hero who, through the splendour of his achievements, illumined with the rays of his glory the doctrine of the mediæval world.

Well, on the face of it, to call Henry "the typical mediæval hero" because he failed to bring the world back to mediæval ideals that were already obsolete is rather like calling Ignatius Loyola the typical mediæval Catholic, or Chateaubriand the typical Frenchman of the *ancien régime*. And surely there are a good many points in which Henry was not mediæval at all. He was a gunpowder man, and gunpowder did more than anything to break down mediæval theories of warfare. There is little in his story of the essentially mediæval content and romance of arms. The jesting with the tennis balls before Agincourt recalls much more closely that tasteless present of a lion from Groot Schurr to Pretoria than it does, say, the "Vow of the Heron." And to take more important ground, precisely

that feature of Henry's character which led Shakespeare to take him as the type of what seventeenth century kingship might and should be, that is to say, his deep-lying instinct of broad democratic humanity, seems to lie wholly outside the compass of the mediæval ideal.

### The Unseen Death.

*Submarine Warfare.* By Herbert C. Fyfe. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. FYFE has taken for his theme a subject upon which the popular mind has the vaguest ideas, and which, until quite recently, even the official mind regarded with an aloofness not easy to understand. A perusal of this most interesting volume will put any reader in possession of practically all the most important facts concerning those engines of destruction which may revolutionise naval warfare. There remains a strong doubt; experts differ; in the opinion of some, the active submarine is destined to play no more than an uncertain part in matters of defence; in the opinion of others it will carry unseen and terrible devastation to the heart of an enemy's fleet. Between these two extremes Mr. Fyfe finds some approximation to what he conceives to be the probable truth of the matter. But wherever the precise truth may lie it is obvious that no naval power can afford to neglect a weapon which may, at any moment, and perhaps at the call of a single brain, spring into monstrous activity. The day when the Admiralty could assert that the submarine was "the weapon of the weaker power, and not our concern" has long gone by.

Mr. Fyfe traces the history of submarine navigation from its somewhat uncertain beginnings with Cornelius van Drebbell in 1620 to the modern "Gustave Zédés" and "Hollands." Once the idea of attacking a ship by means of an explosion from below the surface of the water took root, it was natural that science should set itself the task of discovering some means of sending the explosive medium against an enemy under cover of the sea. But it was long before much advance was made. In the War of Secession twenty-five Federal vessels were destroyed, and nine injured, by torpedoes of various kinds; but they were of kinds which necessitated the "close proximity of the craft attacking and the craft attacked," and the result was often the destruction of both. In an exceptional case such a catastrophe might be deliberately foreseen and deliberately brought about, but as an instrument of warfare the spar-torpedo was too promiscuous in its destructiveness. Then came the automobile fish torpedo, which could be discharged against its mark from a distance, and the highest expression of that torpedo is found in the modern Whitehead. The Whitehead is capable of travelling at the rate of 29 knots for 1,000 yards, and, thanks to the invention of the gyroscope, it may be run practically dead straight for twice that distance. This marvellous engine is fired from the conning tower by the pressing of an electric key. "When you have been shown lovingly over a torpedo," says Mr. Kipling, "by an artificer skilled in the working of its tricky bowels, torpedoes have a meaning and a reality for you to the end of your days."

The invention of the automobile torpedo provided the armament with which the submarine could alone be effectually equipped. The submarine "David," in the American Civil War, had, indeed, sunk the Federal corvette "Housatonic," but she was found sticking in the rent she had made, with all her crew dead. The automobile torpedo made it possible for the submarine to discharge her projectile with comparative safety to herself. There naturally followed rapid improvement in submarine vessels, until the "Gustave Zédé" and the "Holland" were produced, the types now mainly accepted as the best. But these have never been used in actual warfare, and such experiments as have been conducted appear to have been inconclusive. If the submarine could be provided with eyes she would at once

become the most deadly of offensive instruments, but so far science has failed to discover any means other than his compass by which the helmsman may steer. At a depth of from 10 to 12 feet the periscope or optical tube may be employed, but below that depth is darkness. Hence it becomes necessary for the submarine to rise to the surface from time to time, so indicating her presence to the enemy whom she must see to attack. Even so she remains a terrible menace, for extraordinary accuracy in fire would be necessary to hit a submarine awash. "When the submarine torpedo-boat goes into action," wrote Mr. John P. Holland in 1900, "she will bring us face to face with the most puzzling problem ever met in warfare. She will present the unique spectacle, when used in attack, of a weapon against which there is no defence. . . . If you cannot run away you are doomed." But when the submarine has been given sight she will have submarine pitted against her in the deeps, which suggests to the fancy an almost unimaginable warfare, a new and awful vision of sudden death.

And here comes in the question of the morality of submarine warfare. Mr. Fyfe quotes the following passage from an article in the *Naval Chronicle* in the early years of the nineteenth century. The article is apropos of Fulton's torpedoes and submarine boats:—

Guy Fawkes is got aloft, battles in future may be fought under water; our invincible ships of the line may give place to horrible and unknown structures, our projects to catamarans, our pilots to divers, our hardy, dauntless tars to submarine assassins; coffers, rockets, catamarans, infernals, water-worms, and fire-devils! How honourable! how fascinating is such an enumeration! How glorious, how fortunate for Britain are discoveries like these! How worthy of being adopted by a people made wanton by naval victories, by a nation whose Empire are the seas.

"It is quite evident," says Mr. Fyfe, "that . . . there exist many Britons who in their heart of hearts agree with this writer." It appears to us that the matter is a very simple one. So long as international arbitration remains a dream, so long will international armaments increase, and so long will science devote itself equally to devising implements of death and to perfecting the means of saving life. It is idle to attach particular immorality to the employment of submarines; they are no more immoral than lyddite shells, or, for that matter, than Lee-Enfield bullets. It is, indeed, pretty obvious, as Mr. Fyfe says, that "if wars ever die out, it will certainly not be owing to the destructive capabilities of the weapons employed." The remarkable thing is that the more deadly the weapon which is employed the smaller, very frequently, is the mortality. A bayonet at close quarters will account for more men put out of action than a Lee-Enfield at 1,500 yards. The science of destruction is met by the science of protection, and a reasonable hope of life is carried into the very shadow of death. We cannot follow Mr. Fyfe's clear and admirable account of submarines without being profoundly moved by their terrible possibilities; it gives the old phrase "the command of the seas" a new meaning, and, it must be added, carries with it a new responsibility. The Admiralty was not anxious to take up the subject of submarines; it seemed inclined to allow other nations to experiment, and then, if necessary, it would adopt the most desirable invention. Fortunately that impossible attitude has been abandoned, and we are now at least in line with other powers. Until submarines are abolished by international agreement it is our plain duty to endow them with every possible element of destructiveness, to make them, indeed, as the peril by night and the pestilence at noonday. To the strong is strength only by reason of constant vigilance and serene watchfulness, and it is one of the penalties of our civilisation that our greatest strengths should appear to clash in our power of sowing life and scattering death. But the apparent paradox is a profound truth, and one constantly exemplified in the world's history.



### "Getting Beyond A Joke."

*Francis Bacon Our Shakespeare.* By Edwin Reed, A.M. (Gay and Bird. 8s. 6d. net.)

*Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms.* By Edwin Reed, A.M. (Gay and Bird. 10s. 6d. net.)

REALLY, Baconianism is getting beyond a joke. Twelve years ago Mr. Reed wrote a book in which he said all that was to be said for his case with comparative sobriety and an accuracy rather above the average of his kind. Now he returns to the charge with no less than two fresh thick volumes which seem to us to show a marked falling off in both qualities. True, although he employs the same publishers as the notorious "Mrs. Gallup," he does not commit himself by any subscription to the amazing piece of bad literary faith published in that name. But he has ineptitudes enough of his own to answer for. These mainly take the form of parallelisms. It is a fundamental principle of your Baconian that any two sentences from the books of the Elizabethans, differing wholly in style, sentiment, and outlook on life, but having a common subject or using a common word, are probably written by the same author, and that author Francis Bacon. This is no exaggeration of Mr. Reed's point of view, and here are some examples to prove it.

24.

#### WHITE VIOLETS.

*From Shakespeare.*

Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of  
Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath.  
*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3 (1623).

*From Bacon.*

That which, above all others,  
yields the sweetest smell in  
the air is the violet, espe-  
cially the white.  
*Essay of Gardens* (1625).

720

#### PRICKING PLANTS.

He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's prick.  
*As You Like It*, iii. 2 (1623).

As terebration doth meliorate  
fruit, so upon like reason  
doth letting of plants'  
blood; as pricking vines or  
other trees, after they be  
of some growth, and thereby  
letting forth gum  
*Sylva Sylvarum* (1622-25).

637.

#### OIL IN WHALES.

This whale with so many tons  
of oil in his body.  
*Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 1  
(1623).

An immense quantity of oil is  
extracted from whales.  
*Natural History* (1622-25).

Not content with establishing "parallelisms" between Bacon and Shakespeare, Mr. Reed proceeds to further strengthen his case with others between speeches of Bacon's father and plays which Shakespeare did not write.

571.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH, A PHOENIX.

The bird of wonder, the  
maiden phoenix [Queen  
Elizabeth].  
*Henry VIII.*, v. 5. (1623).

A phoenix, a blessed bird  
[Queen Elizabeth].  
*Speech of Nicholas Bacon*  
[Father of Francis] in Par-  
liament (1571).

After all, these "parallelisms" are not wholly useless, even beyond the laugh they give. For nothing could be better adapted than a long series of them to hold up a mirror to the essential difference between the Shakespearean and the Baconian temper and mode of expression. Here is one more example which, from this point of view, bears meditating.

37.

#### LOVE HOSTILE TO FORTUNE.

We have kissed away king-  
doms and provinces.  
*Anthony and Cleopatra*, iii. 8  
(1623).

Love troubleth men's for-  
tunes.  
*Essay of Love* (1625).

And so Mr. Reed, like many another wiser man, has perhaps wrought better than he knew.

### Theosophy in Little.

*Man's Place in the Universe.* By the Author of *The Story of Atlantis*. (Theosophical Publishing Society. 2s.)

This purports to be a text-book of Theosophy, putting within the compass of seven score pages all that is necessary to salvation by this particular route; and the author has done a real service in setting forth the outlines of a teaching which runs through most of the world's religions, and has had considerable influence on the many people among us who would rather imagine vaguely than think clearly. The service that the author of this little work has unwittingly done is to concentrate the mass of absurdity which wraps a grain of truth, and enable the reader of moderate intelligence to estimate the evidence on which the claims of Theosophy rest. The conclusion one must reach after reading a page or two of sanity and a hundred and more pages of something quite different is that Theosophy, as translated into what looks like English, is merely the art of talking unintelligibly about the inconceivable. And if only our Theosophists had had the forethought to approach the wisdom of the East with the equipment of the West they would have saved themselves and their critics much unnecessary trouble.

Our anonymous author now and then talks almost intelligibly about the conceivable. Thus one section of the cosmic evolution is concerned with our own planetary system (for theosophy, child-like, grasps at the moon and stars and all that lies beyond). Here is a characteristic passage:—

The other two planets belonging to it, which are visible to the physical eye, are Mars and Mercury—Mars being the planet last occupied by humanity, and Mercury being in process of preparation for our advent. The planet which was inhabited before Mars, and the one which will be our home when the life-wave has left Mercury, are both formed of so much finer a state of matter than the earth, that they are invisible to ordinary eyesight.

Venus is far ahead of us; and at some distant epoch "an event mysterious as well as important occurred." For beings from the advanced Venus appeared on this earth to help the laggards of humanity. Now, did they? Has any being ever appeared on this earth who is not explicable without dragging in Venus? Something more than mere assertion is required as proof; and for proof of this and many other statements we are referred to certain Great Ones—names and addresses unknown—who lived very many years ago, apparently, and certainly knew much less about the planetary system than, say, Sir William Huggins. For though much wisdom is ancient, its antiquity is not its chief claim to consideration.

Theosophy, as expounded in this text-book, has the one grain of truth in it. The law of Karma, which extends to the spiritual world the law of the persistence of energy and the indestructibility of matter, has long been reached in the Western world along the lines of scientific thought:—

Its operation as bearing on the individual has thus a twofold aspect, internal as regards character, external as regards circumstance and environment. "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap," is an aphorism applicable to both cases, partially so even in the life he is then living, eminently so in the next life he is destined to lead on earth, by which time all the results of his past thoughts and efforts will have been synthesised in the character with which he returns to life.



Now everyone who has ever given ten minutes thought to things beyond the licensing question and golf knows that every action is eternal in its results, and reaches back to eternity for its stimulus, that the folly we commit to-day is but a link in a chain of cause and effect which would lie before the eyes of Omniscience. And our Western religions make it their object to dodge this terrible human responsibility. The Salvation Army offers the Great Atonement of Christ, and a clean bill; the Roman Catholic church at the other end prescribes a penance as the way out. Theosophy offers no loophole of escape but individual endeavour. But even here, at the very centre of the teaching we come upon that fatal lack of evidence. What does it matter to the man who gains the whole world and loses his own soul, if he is never conscious of the loss? If the man, John Smith, who had made a failure of one incarnation, were conscious—and knew all the time he would be conscious—of his subsequent degradation to the sty, his conduct would be of importance to his eternal welfare. But there is the broken link—the failure of continuous consciousness—which destroys the theosophic chain, and gives hope to humanity of oblivion. There are, we know, people who assert that they can remember scraps of a former incarnation. But they are people whose assertions one would accept in few cases, and in this cannot be verified. If they could, there would be nothing for the ordinary man to hope for, since suicide would not help him.

### Mr. George Moore Done into Irish.

*An T-úr Ghort.* Sgéaltha le Seórsa Ó Mórdha: aistrighthe ón Sacshéarla ag Pádraig Ó Súilleabháin, B.A. (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker. 1s.)

MR. GEORGE MOORE is evidently a whole-hearted convert to the Gaelic movement in Ireland. His new books come out in Irish first, and subsequently, if at all, in English. In this case, the English version of *The Untilled Field* (as the present volume is entitled) is, we believe, under weigh, and meantime we have these six tales of Irish life excellently done into Irish by Messrs. P. O'Sullivan and T. O'Donoghue. The field which Mr. Moore has chosen to occupy is not indeed an untilled one, for Kickham, Carleton, and Miss Barlow—to mention only a few names—have laboured in it fruitfully, but Mr. Moore has not done so before, and his harvest will be new to most of his readers, for the picture he gives of peasant life in Ireland has never been presented to the world. It has been the fate of Ireland to be a political and social battleground, and everything that happens there is laid hold of by some sect or party as a weapon of warfare. Consequently a writer on Ireland can hardly avoid having ulterior ideas in his mind, and consciously or unconsciously running his observations into the form of a polemic or an apologia. Mr. Moore, however, though certainly not wanting in polemic ardour when he writes to the newspapers on Irish subjects, has kept his imaginative art singularly free from all prepossession or intention, and brought a clear glass to the mirroring of Irish life in these tales. He does not show us by any means all there is to see, but what he does show is observed minutely and accurately, and one might almost say, in spite of his well-known sympathies, a little mercilessly. The Irish as we see them in these pages—the emigrant, the returned American, the lad who sails to join the Boers, the love-crossed girl who becomes a village saint, the seminarist at Maynooth—are not the impetuous, extravagant figures we are accustomed to see portrayed as types of Ireland. On the contrary, we get an impression of them as of a people whose will is broken, and who live in a dreamy submissiveness. Romance has only begun to bud when some mysterious, restraining hand

is laid upon it, and it fades quickly away. Self-assertion and individual force either do not exist or become attenuated into a half hysterical Schwärmerei. Something seems to brood over Irish life, subduing and devitalising it. This seems to us an absolutely true piece of observation as applied to the Irish in Ireland, and it is not only true but new. There is indeed something of it in Miss Barlow, but she associates it with a religious disillusionment:—

For the end o' the end, whatso'er may befall,  
Is nought else but a pace and a quiet where ye'll disremember  
it all.

Of this disillusionment there is not as yet the slightest trace in Ireland, it is a pure myth, and Mr. Moore knows nothing of it. We are inclined to think from one of these stories, "Galar Duithche" (Home-sickness), that he accounts for the facts he has observed in a way just the contrary of Miss Barlow's—not by the fading out of religious belief, but by its all-pervading supremacy. As we have said, however, the book deals little, if at all, in explanations and theories, and the general impression it leaves is all the more interesting and valuable for having been no part of the author's intention.

The first tale describes the awakening of patriotic feeling in the mind of a youth, who forthwith betakes himself to join the Irish Brigade in the Transvaal. The notion of doing anything for Ireland in Ireland itself apparently never occurs to him. This story seems to us a little thin and unreal, but with this exception the tales here collected are written with true imagination and force. The book should form an important way-mark in the progress of the Gaelic movement in Ireland, for it is almost the first, and certainly far the most important, work in Irish prose which exhibits the capacity of the language for conveying the ideas and facts associated with modern literary culture and social life. The following passage will give Gaelic readers a fair idea of Mr. O'Sullivan's capacity for this piece of pioneer work in translation:—

Ní raibh de chuimhneamh aici achd gur geannmnaidheachd ba chiall leis an ngorm, agus gur b'é sin an fáth fallaing ía Maighdine bheith gorm. Bhriseadar na siceinidhe ar a smaointibh fá dheire. Chuaidh sí amach le biadh a thabhairt dóibh, agus fad a bhí sí 'ghá dheanamh bhí a súile socraighthe go dlúth ar an spéir. Spéar shamhraidh bhán gan sgamall bhí tarraingthe ós cionn an domhain mar fagadh síoda ghoirm bheidheadh tarraingthe go dlúth, agus go m-beidheadh a h-íomail ar dath eadtrom an róis. Bhí uachtar na spéire chomh gorm le fallaing na Maighdine, agus bhí a súil go m-beidheadh an ghloine ghorm chomh dathamhail leis an spéir agus níos buaine Dubhairt an fear ionaid léi go m-beidheadh sé síor-sheasmhach. "Tá an ghloine do dathaidheadh sé chéad bliádhán ó shoin," ar seisean, "chomh gorm indiu agus an lá do dathaidheadh í."

The passage describes the yearnings of the heroine in "A Local Saint" who longs to spend her savings in putting up a stained glass window in the new church which the parish priest is building. It may be put into English as follows:—

She did not remember much of what the German agent had told her save that the colour blue meant chastity, and that was the reason why the Virgin's robe was blue. At last the chickens broke in upon her thoughts. She went out to give them their food, and all the while she was doing so her eyes were fixed upon the sky. It was a cloudless summer sky drawn overhead above the earth like a blue silk curtain, its borders lightly tinged with rose. At the zenith it was as blue as the Virgin's robe, and she hoped that her blue glass would be as lovely as the colour of the sky and more lasting. The agent had told her that it would last for ever. "The glass that was coloured six hundred years ago," he had said, "is as blue to-day as the day it was painted."

## A Forerunner of Chaucer.

*Sir Hew of Eglintoun.* By George Neilson. (Philosophical Society of Glasgow.)

*Huchown of the Awle Ryale.* By George Neilson. (Mac-Lehose.)

THE Scottish vernacular poetry of the later Middle Ages appears to lend itself admirably to sensational treatment by literary historians. The flutter in the critical dovecotes caused by Mr. J. T. T. Brown's ascription of *The Kingis Quhair* to another than the poet-king, James I., has hardly subsided; and here comes Mr. George Neilson with another suggestion even more far-reaching, if less iconoclastic. Unfortunately the intricacy and technical character of the arguments involved only permits the briefest statement in the present place of the conclusions at which he has arrived. *Huchown of the Awle Ryale* is more than once mentioned by the fifteenth-century chronicler, Wyntoun, who names his "Gest Hystoryalle" and several other poems. Beyond this, nothing is directly known of him; but Sir Frederick Madden hazarded the conjecture that he might be identified with a much clearer historical figure in "the gude Sir Hew of Eglintoun," whose death is referred to in Dunbar's "Lament for the Makaris." Mr. Neilson brings to the support of this view a minute historical erudition, which enables him to show, amongst other things, firstly, that in contemporary usage, "Hew" and "Huchown" were merely variant forms of the same name; and, secondly, that Sir Hew of Eglintoun, as justiciar to David II. of Scotland, might properly be called, "of the Awle Ryale," or *Aula Regis*. Having thus constituted the personality of his poet, he proceeds, on various grounds of internal resemblance and the use of common sources, to assign to him enough of the hitherto anonymous alliterative literature of the fourteenth century to make him, if the claim can be at all sustained, a very considerable poet indeed. Amongst the works for which he is made responsible are the alliterative "Morte Arthure," one of the best versions of the famous romance, the "Awntrys of Arthure," "Gawayne and the Green Knight," and the exquisite elegiac poem edited not long ago by Mr. Gollancz under the title of "Pearl." Even if they stood alone, these would be a handsome achievement for any man. Given Mr. Neilson's hypothesis, we have no quarrel with the enthusiasm of his eulogy:—

For the first time, the general features of a supreme poet fall to be set on the canvas. It is not to be disguised that the countenance which begins to show itself with growing definiteness through the curtain of the fourteenth century is of no common type: it is the countenance of an immortal who ranks among the great formative forces in the literature of the English tongue, who, while Chaucer was still (to public intents) silent, had ransacked the storehouses of Latin, French, and English in the quest of material for romantic narrative, and who no less than Chaucer set his seal for ever on the literary art of his own generation and of the generations to follow. The hand which seeks to unroll a little further Wyntoun's brief scroll of Huchown's achievement may well tremble as it deals with a task so weighty, for either these pages are a vain and credulous figment, or Huchown's range and grasp in romance place him as a unique and lofty spirit, comparable in respect of his greatness only with Walter Scott. But great and sweet as is the personality, and interesting as is the evolution of Scott, and superior far as he was to Huchown in original romance, the time at which Huchown lived invests him with a historical note which our wizard story-teller may not claim. In Huchown we have a superb craftsman of letters in the fourteenth century, albeit the latest *Dictionary of Biography* knows him not.

These are brave words, but of course the hypothesis has still to be accepted, and we rather gather from the mutterings of the philologists that there will be wigs on the green first.

## Other New Books.

*Cycle Rides Round London.* Written and Illustrated by Charles G. Harper. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THIS very useful and interesting book deals with the country in a radius round London easily accessible by means of the bicycle. Not only the cyclist, however, will have profit of it. Necessarily, within the wider radius is included the straiter area accessible (by aid of train) to the pedestrian on tour, or even scouting forth on a one day's exploration of the metropolitan environs. The illustrations are not of the "first chop" which we associate with Mr. Pennell, or even Mr. Railton and his compeers. They are better in the slight incidental glimpses imbedded amidst the text, which are sometimes prettily picturesque, than in the full-page drawings, where the author's limitations as a draughtsman are brought out. But though these small records of rusticity are agreeable aids to the letterpress, it is the text itself which constitutes the value of the book. Mr. Harper not only writes with kindly and unaffected zest of the country through which he has cycled, but he is full of local associations, which are set forth with the personal interest and pleasure of a spontaneously gossiping companion,—not after the perfunctory and avid fashion of the guide-book. They spring up from the text in natural profusion like wild flowers, which you can pick or neglect at will, instead of being laboriously and mechanically let into the text.

He pedals, for example, into Leatherhead, and you stop with him at "that crazy old inn, the 'Running Horse.'" It has been so patched, he remarks, that one could not swear a fragment of the old fifteenth century hostel remains, though it claims no less antiquity. Forthwith he remembers the "tunning of Elynor Rummyng," a landlady of Henry the Seventh's day, celebrated by Skelton—Henry the Eighth's poet-laureate. A portrait of her adorns (or does not adorn) the text; but certainly lends confirmation to the unflattering lines which he quotes from the ribald jingler who foreshadowed, in roughly clever manner, the future coming of "Hudibras" Butler. Beaked, warty nose and lank, wispy hair, with brows so malignly cunning as would do honour to one of Middleton's, if not Shakespeare's, witches, quite bear out Skelton's assurance that—

Her viságe  
It would assuage  
A man's courage.  
Her loathly leer  
Is nothing clear  
But ugly of cheer,  
Droupy and drowsy,  
Scurvy and lousy,  
Her face all bowsey.

Yet, though "sib to the devil," and mixing in her wash-tub all manner of filth with her "mangy fists," as the same rhymist asserts, this fearful brew he declares to have been sought far and wide.

Some, loth to be espied,  
Start in at the backside,  
Over hedge and pale,  
And all for good ale.

In fact, rustic "sweaters and swinkers" were as thirsty swillers of ale under the seventh Henry as under the seventh Edward. With such recollections is the itinerary garnished, all pleasantly and casually dropped. The author is not timid of expressing his personal opinions *en route*, whatever may be thought of the very outspoken words regarding the Russell family which accompany his description of their tombs at the pocket-village of Chenies. True or not, a nice taste would have abstained from speaking them in a book which should be aloof from controversial matter. But that is a bye-fault: as a whole this is a very pleasurable companion to any traveller



through the charming and unpolluted villages and lanes which still surround London; written as an entertaining fellow-traveller talks—which is the way in which such a book should be written.

*The Story of Prague.* By Count Lützow. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS latest volume in the series of famous mediaeval towns hardly, we think, maintains the interest of its forerunners. The theme has promise enough. The very sound of "Prague" has suggestions romantic, pictorial, semi-barbaric. It is an old saying in Prague, says Count Lützow, that you cannot throw a stone through a pane without knocking away a piece of history. One can well believe it. It incarnates in stone the peculiar attraction of those South-Eastern European lands and peoples, "neither perfect night nor day," neither perfect East nor West, civilised nor barbarian; but a twilight of nations and periods, the Occident superinduced upon the Orient, the modern upon the mediaeval. Since those wild Slavs surged over from the East, in the wake of Attila and his Huns, burning, slaying, and ravaging into the heart of disorganised Germany, and leaving their name "Bohemian" for a very synonym of lawlessness, the grapple of Slav and Teuton has rocked to and fro round Prague. "The Battle of Prague," as Carlyle remarked, was at one time strummed on all the pianos of England; and that was as late as the great Frederick, when Prussian and Austrian took the place of Slav and German. But Count Lützow, though he has the facts of the city's history at heart and by heart, does not possess an attractive style. The welter of religious war which began with the burning of Huss is intricately tedious in his hands. When he deals with Prague descriptively, it is in the guide book manner, as (for instance) this concerning the Hradcany Palace:—

We now enter the third court, where we see, to our left, St. Vitus's Cathedral, while to the right is the most interesting part of the palace—that which dates from the time of King Vladislav. It was built between 1484 and 1502 by the celebrated architect Benes, of Loun, in what is known in Bohemia as the Vladislav style, a transition between Gothic and the style of the Renaissance. Benes was, with Matthew Resek, the originator of this style of architecture, to which some of the most interesting buildings in Prague belong. Here is the hall of Vladislav, where the Bohemian nobles did homage to their sovereign after his coronation, and where the coronation banquet was held. When finished—in 1502—the hall of Vladislav excited general admiration. A contemporary chronicler writes that "there was no building like it in all Europe, none that was longer, higher, and broader, and yet had no pillars."

That does not illuminatively convey what architectural attraction may be in Prague. Nor do we anywhere get suggestion of the fascination which he and Mr. Arthur Symonds find in the city. Somewhat more interesting is this of the Jewish quarter:—

Joseph's Town, the ancient Ghetto of Prague, still preserves its mediaeval character. Entering the Rabbi Street, we see at our left the Jewish town-hall, perhaps one of the most picturesque buildings in Prague. Immediately opposite is the far-famed old synagogue, built in the early Gothic style about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Over the vaulting is a large flag given to the Jews by the Emperor Ferdinand III. for their bravery during the siege of 1648. It was "the highest honour that could then be conferred on a Jew," as the guide rather pathetically states. Adjoining the synagogue is the Jewish cemetery, one of the best-known spots in Prague. It is very extensive, and contains countless monuments, on many of which we see the emblems of the tribes of Israel, and the quaint devices—such as a hare, stag, or fish—which with the Jews did duty as *armes parlantes*.

On the whole, this is a painstaking and informing, rather than clever or fascinating presentation of the Bohemian capital. The story of the city, we may add, is begun from the reign of Charles IV.

*Lays after Labour.* By William Cryer. (Stock. 6s. net.)

THE unspeakably and uglily formal old conventions of late eighteenth century verse it is supposed that Wordsworth abolished utterly, to be replaced ultimately by conventions more artistic and poetic in derivation—for convention (in the bad sense) is always with us. Yet it is singular how indestructible they are; how ever and anon a poet aspiring to "directness" and "simplicity" grasps after them (consciously or unconsciously) as a ready-made formula for directness and simplicity—though they are no more simple, and remoter from directness, than the most coloured diction taken at innumerable removes from Keats, who took it from Milton or the Elizabethans. Especially in provincial towns unbeloved of the Muses do these conventions vegetate unblighted and unblightable. Age cannot wither nor custom make staler their infinite monotony. Here is Mr. Cryer crying to us from Bolton in numbers (the diction is infectious), peacefully ignorant of any bard (another *cliché* of that romantic age) later than Mr. Hayley or his brilliant contemporaries. "Solar fire," "precious dower," "virgin's blush," "parental pride," "benignant reign," are old favourites (again Mr. Cryer's poetic phrase) which blink at us from a couple of pages. But Mr. Cryer can boldly embrace the Wordsworthian theory when (for instance) he essays the ballad style.

Where was the maid borne to?

Ask mystery profound!

The fact may be sworn to

She never was found!

If "mystery profound" be regrettably sophisticated, the last two lines beautifully exemplify that diction of common life for which Wordsworth stickled. The most humour-defying passages of "Peter Bell" are not superior in this kind. The true Wordsworthian model is followed sometimes, though the result fails through inexperience of expression and mediocrity of idea. But on the whole the book is a curious blend of outworn convention and beld dailiness. That it was written in the intervals of active business cannot alter this fact; nor can we, however we may regret it, find any of the "pleasurable interest and profit" which the author hopes may mitigate its imperfections. Good intentions are no amends for the publication of poor verse, whatever they may be for the private writing of it.

*The Great Alternative: A Plea for a National Policy.* By Spenser Wilkinson. (Constable. 6s.)

THIS is a new edition of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's work, but the argument is made clearer by the chapters being grouped into books. As it was eight years ago, the great question that men are asking all the world over is, will the British Empire stand or fall? The answer was uncertain when this book was first issued, but to-day we have passed through the furnace of war and the general verdict is in favour of the British Empire. But still the Great Alternative is before us, a choice between the first place among the nations of the earth, and the last; between the leadership of the human race and the loss of Empire and of all but the shadow of independence. Some years ago we were suffering from a national paralysis. We have in some degree shaken that off, but we still need a policy or plan of action, a design to which we must work, an aim with which we can be identified. That policy Mr. Wilkinson does not attempt to expound, for he realises that it can only be framed by the statesman who controls its execution. He holds that for a whole generation we have been drifting unconscious of a purpose in the world, and the Prince of Wales very neatly summarised the book in three words, when he said "Wake up, England."



## Fiction.

*The Conquest of Charlotte.* By David S. Meldrum. (Blackwood. 6s.)

MR. MELDRUM is not one of the many gentlemen whose names are the commonplaces of publishers' lists. So far as we know *The Conquest of Charlotte* makes only his fourth book and his second novel. Readers of *The Story of Margrédél*, many of them at any rate, saw in that story qualities of freshness and discernment which gave promise of a writer who would go day search more deeply into life, and present them with a study more subtle and more detached. And here, in *The Conquest of Charlotte*, we have that study, a book clearly devised and written with the utmost and most loving care, full of colour in character as well as in the brave shows of nature. Yet it falls short of complete success, and that for two reasons; it is over-elaborated in manner and unessentials, and it is too external. The two things seem to go together; while we are often surprised by the finish of the setting, we are conscious of a certain shadowiness of characterisation: we do not feel that here, right under our fingers, is the full pulse of life. From this generalisation, however, we would exclude the elder Charlotte, the mother of the younger Charlotte whose conquest furnishes the sentiment of the book. The older woman is nobly conceived, and perhaps because Mr. Meldrum has treated her rather more broadly than others of his characters, she wins more surely to our affection and belief.

It is upon the study of Rab Cuick, the smuggler, and father of the second Charlotte, that Mr. Meldrum seems to have concentrated himself; the girl is well enough, but she never grips us like her mother, nor has Mr. Meldrum succeeded in contriving for her anything so delightful as the "Cast Shoe" chapter of her mother's youth. Rab Cuick does not quite, as it were, get home. Rascal he was, but his delinquencies were hardly of the kind to inspire his family with the fear and disgust which move them. Yet we feel that Mr. Meldrum was himself wholly convinced by Rab; there must have been subtleties of spiritual mischief in the man which he has not succeeded in conveying to us. The better side of him, his fine love of freedom and the open, and his curious misguided pride, Mr. Meldrum has succeeded in presenting with perfect success. It is when he comes to the delicate psychology of Rab that we lose our way.

The general manner of the story is too diffuse: again and again the flow of the narrative is checked for the introduction of extraneous matter, often good in itself, but without value to the scheme of the book. The possible verisimilitude, for instance, gained by the introduction of the pedigree of a minor character does not compensate for our sense of annoyance. There are descriptions of locality, too, so complicated that only a map could render them perfectly clear. And this brings us back to that question of over-elaboration. Mr. Meldrum's pages are crowded with simile and metaphor; these are often fine—the book is full of a balanced and beautiful exaltation—but they are run too hard. Let us illustrate:—

The verity of our freedom did not steal upon us like the dawn athwart the eastern headlands, but plumped into our consciousness with tropic wonder.

That sudden flash of poetry in Mr. Foster, illumining the sordid round of his school-mastering, was like the crimson burst at long years' interval upon the cactus-plant, charging his prickliness for me with incipient tenderness.

Perhaps these two random examples, standing by themselves, hardly sufficiently enforce our point; but when similar matter occurs continually, it will be seen that the reader is not to be blamed if he wearies of Mr. Meldrum's indirectness.

Yet, when all is said, *The Conquest of Charlotte* remains a book to be seriously considered. Mr. Meldrum is

primarily and essentially a literary artist; that his work is a little too self-conscious is one of the defects of his qualities. Indeed, it is only on applying a strictly critical standard that such faults as we have pointed out become manifest, and to apply that standard to most "successful" novels would be to damn them in a line. Mr. Meldrum is one of the very few living novelists whose work rouses genuine emotion.

*Papa.* By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Methuen. 6s.)

OF ITS kind, this last story of Mrs. Williamson's is distinctly good. We say reservedly "of its kind," for it is only in relation to scores of similar novels that *Papa* can properly be judged. There must, we suppose, be a demand for this particular sort of fiction, since the supply of it continues to be so large; and in that case we can promise those who create the demand that they will find everything they want in *Papa*. If there is no literary style to speak of, there is a certain brightness about the way it is told that carries us along without any mental effort on our part; if the plot is occasionally improbable, it is at least never dull. There is a heroine whom we meet with something akin to recognition, who—

was not a marvel of beauty, but she was radiantly pretty, with the nimbus of her shining hair, the pure red and white of her face, the charming curve of her lips, and the jewels that she had for eyes—jewels, greenish-brown in the full sun, and purple as amethysts, or deep blue as sapphires, in shadow.

There is also the heroine's friend, who has a small pale face, big black eyes, the usual lashes and dimpled chin, and "a button of a mouth." The friend is a "spoiled child"—

... a creature impulsive and at the same time curiously calculating; superficially warm-hearted, yet often cold when true sympathy was demanded. A butterfly; a thing of contradictions; but attractive, as a kitten which may purr or scratch—one knows not which—is attractive.

It need scarcely be added that a warm friendship with a creature of this sort must mean trouble, sooner or later, for the heroine. And so it does when she is persuaded to personify Maude, the girl of the button-mouth, on the occasion of the home-coming of Maude's father, who has been in India ever since his child's birth and therefore does not know what she is like. The reason for this extraordinary proceeding lies in the fact that Maude wants to marry a French officer without her father's consent, and means to do so while the beautiful Helen is masquerading in her place at home. Helen accordingly meets "Papa" at the railway station, and presents herself to him as his daughter. By this time a young French adventurer has also arrived on the scene, with the express purpose of spying over the heroine and blackmailing her later; so as "Papa," or Sir Miles Barton-Pole—a name rather unnecessarily reminiscent of a famous soldier's, we think—turns out to be a bronzed young fellow of thirty-seven instead of the old fogey Helen had expected to meet, there is nothing to prevent the story from rattling along merrily to the happy conclusion in the last chapter. We will not spoil the reader's pleasure by giving the sensational details of the plot, which are indeed worked in with great ingenuity and even some semblance of probability,—given the fact that a father could accept another man's daughter for his own without discovering the deception. But, as we have already hinted, we must not expect too much from this class of fiction; and those who do not look for great things from *Papa*, will find, perhaps, no less than they want.

*Dwellers by the River.* By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Long. 6s.)

THERE is no art in Mrs. Praed's collection of short stories. The character drawing is conventional, and the style is unambitious and uninspired. Nevertheless it is readable, some sort of *dénouement* being worked up to in each of

the different narratives, an attainment by no means to be relied upon in modern fiction, where the end is frequently only an intensification of the unmeaning vagueness of the commencement.

The stories all deal with bush life, but the refreshing impression of a more easy, primitive manner of existence, in a climate of great charm and geniality, is largely spoilt by the "flirtatious" atmosphere which permeates most of the book. The heroine, Marge—for though each chapter has a different and definite incident, the same characters, or rather those that survive, one being usually killed off each chapter, continue to the end—is a young person too frequently met with and extolled in fiction. Here we find her always leading some unfortunate bushman to a flirtation bordering upon a promise of marriage, and always passing on to another, until the book, having come to an end, it is obligatory to round off matters by marrying her somewhat hastily to the last victim of her incomprehensible charms. All this flirtation is carried on with the naïve callousness of a child. The girl is one of those beings so entirely undeveloped on the sensitive or imaginative side of her nature as to be practically indifferent and almost unaware of any suffering in others. Treated seriously she might have offered an arresting study, for the type is not altogether an uncommon one, and possesses a certain psychological interest in having the germs of a strongly marked criminal trait—a deficiency in the emotional consciousness of pain.

But treated in the manner of Mrs. Praed, as a lovable and engaging creature, she is little less than exasperating. "The Baby's Christening" is distinctly the best story of the collection, but in "The Races Which Were Not Run," the climax is well and unswervingly worked up to, the inevitable drop in dramatic feeling which any longer treatment would have entailed, being cleverly avoided.

*The Ball.* By Arthur S. Baxendale. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

We can discover no reason why Mr. Baxendale's story should have been called *The Ball*: the title would apply equally well to any novel we ever read. Indeed, seeing that Mr. Baxendale takes his title from Omar Khayyam (he quotes four stanzas as a motto), we have every reason to quarrel with him on that score. For in so far as his hero suffers from circumstance and chance he suffers because he took an absurd oath—a deliberate piece of folly for which, perhaps, he deserved more than he got. But, indeed, we find it difficult to find out what Mr. Baxendale would be at. At one moment he appears to give his attention to the mere story, at the next he turns to the psychology of his characters. But neither story nor psychology is convincing, and neither is coherent. The women are of the kind which is sometimes called smart. We find them only rather vulgar. Yet we are not quite clear what Mr. Baxendale intends them to be, for it is quite impossible to get them into focus. There is the same trouble with the men; now and then there is a flash of life, and then a general vagueness. Scraps of conversation are set down which have no bearing on the story and serve only to make confusion, and incidents are dragged in by the heels. The scene in which two men take a couple of street girls to supper is, in itself, quite devoid of interest, and does nothing to develop the men's characters. Nor can we think the chapter justified by its concluding words: "Virtue not only assumes various guises, but it goes by different names in different classes of society." Does it? Mr. Baxendale suffers from the itch for epigrammatic utterance which is so often fatal to clearness of thought. In a word, *The Ball* is a formless book, scrappy and full of jolts. And its conclusion is as commonplace as the conclusion of nine-tenths of the novels which annually come into our hands.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

### WASTED FIRES.

By HUME NISBET.

An Australian story, with prologue and four books. Book First opens with "A Vampire Friend," Moloch, art editor, who gives Dick Davelock a commission. "Will Messrs. Grabbleson & Co. bind themselves to take from me and pay me for what I may write or sketch of Australia in the future?" wrote Dick. Messrs. Grabbleson would not. (Methuen. 6s.)

### A PRINCESS OF THE HILLS.

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

"It was all a fairy tale, with Fiore as a glowing frontispiece." Fiore is a Tyrolese maiden, of amazing beauty. Lord Castleton loves her, but there are complications with his friend Horace, who has just quarrelled with his own fiancée in Venice. A picturesque-looking novel set in the lovely Tyrol. (Methuen. 6s.)

### THE FORERUNNER.

By DMITRI MEREJKOWSKI.

Called *The Resurrection of the Gods* in the original Russian, and the second of the historical trilogy which began with *The Death of the Gods*. It is a romance of the Renaissance. The Borgias, Leonardo da Vinci and the men and women of the late fifteenth century crowd the 463 pages. (Constable. 6s.)

### BARBARA'S MONEY.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

St. Mark's Vicarage, where the vicar, his wife and his sister Barbara engage in good works. Barbara is "put upon." Enter Aunt Jane, rich, old, eccentric. Her disposal of her money raises storms in the Vicarage teacups. (Methuen. 6s.)

### THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

By BRAM STOKER.

We are in Aberdeenshire, at Cruden Bay. Mystery, second sight, strange Spaniards and a marvellous bi-literal cypher make up a story which looks weird enough. "The Secret Passage," "The Voice in the Dust," "The Eyes of the Dead" are among the chapter headings, and the front page contains six lines of Gaelic verse. (Heinemann. 6s.)

### A MODERN MONARCH.

By FRANK C. LEWIS.

"A very modern one then—a Financier" says the monarch cynically. His name is Caesar, and he goes off with a chosen friend or so to Uralia, to develop it. Finance, politics, and so on, with a hint at the end that a Modern Monarch may miss the best thing in life. Obviously one of the many stories inspired by Mr. Rhodes's career. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

### A FIVE YEARS' TRYST.

By SIR WALTER BESANT.

A dozen short stories, the title story being the longest. Frank and Jack, boys, fight for Nell. "I've beaten him, and you've got to marry me," said Frank. But later Frank's father turns him out of the bank, his house, and his will. So Frank resigns Nell. For ever? The "Sky-Rocket" is the story of a woman writer who caught at Fame and nearly missed Love. (Methuen. 6s.)

### THE SEA LADY.

By H. G. WELLS.

The incursion of the impossible into the ordinary. The Sea-Lady is a mermaid who lands among the bathers at Sandgate, and this second Wonderful Visit creates social complications that promise fun. "But imagine her difficulties!" says Mrs. Bunting. Mr. Wells imagines them. (Methuen. 6s.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## The Prose Century.

IGNORED by the general voice of the eighteenth century, championed by Coleridge, De Quincey, Ruskin, and other writers of the early or middle nineteenth century, seventeenth century prose has again suffered some eclipse as a profitable model through the more recent revulsion towards the prose of Queen Anne and her immediate successors. And now its claims are again zealously urged by the writer of a very knowledgeable article in the *Quarterly Review*. If, indeed, it be practicable now to advocate any single period for a common model, it is an enterprise in which we warmly sympathise with him. And his views on seventeenth century prose in general are sound and discerning, though we cannot say the same of his *obiter dicta*. What, for example, are we to think of the pronouncement that "of all our writers of great merit, from the Restoration to the present century, Newman alone succeeded in recovering that mastery of rhythm which was the characteristic" of pre-Restoration prose? Was there no "mastery of rhythm" in Ruskin, none in De Quincey—to name but two? De Quincey's rhythm was not that of the seventeenth century, indeed, though based on the rhythm of the seventeenth century; but it was a better thing—it was characteristically and recognisably his own. (Not that we affirm it better or worse than the rhythm of his models; but a new off-shoot is better than mere reproduction.) Consider merely that passage in the "Confessions," ending with the words "I awoke . . . and cried, 'I will sleep no more!'"—which for superbly marshalled complexity of structure and choric intricacy of sound, for mastery over the counterpoint of rhythmic prose, is perhaps the most amazing in the language. The congregating sentences throng like the assembling of armies, with growing innumerable agitation herded and precipitantly accelerated to the multitudinous crash of the close. Or again, how accept the challenge, "Pascal, Bossuet, Molière, La Rochefoucauld, and Voltaire! Can our Temples, Tillotsons, Drydens or Congreves, our Addison or Chesterfields compare with these as masters of prose?" Congreve, evidently, is matched with Molière, as his "archetype"—there is none other in the list with whom he can be meant to pair. But what parity is there to make the challenge just? The comedy of Congreve is a purely artificial comedy of exquisitely polished wit; the most finished intellectual fencing, with so natural an air as almost to trick us into unconsciousness of its incessant artifice. Molière's comedy does not rest on wit, though he has wit in plenty. It is a more primal, broader thing, capering with overflowing animal spirits, luxuriant with humour and robust enjoyment of the whole human absurdity. It has grimaces which would ruin the fine lady's face of Congreve's Muse. To compare Molière with Congreve is to compare a great master of rich laughter with an exquisite little master of well-bred smiles. Molière leans towards farce, tickles the genial sense, appeals to the comic emotions; Congreve, with rare exceptions, tickles the intellect alone, appeals to the refined and select sense of wit. One is universal, the other for an artfully cultured

audience. But to match the two is like pairing champagne with patchouli, or a vineyard with Rimmel's shop. In his own kind our Rimmel of comedy is not matched by the France which inspired him. If he be, name the match.—Not Molière!

But despite such *obiter dicta* (and on poetry, in particular, the writer drops one which does not exasperate), the drift of the article is sound. It does not simply extol the prose of the seventeenth century for those qualities generally confessed; but seeks to show that it possessed likewise the secret of a vernacular style, available for workaday use. It has been said that the seventeenth century men, with all their pomps and splendours, worked out no style fit for average use; whereas the writers who underwent French influence after the Restoration did achieve this aim. To which the *Quarterly* reviewer answers that the average style of the Restoration and the earlier eighteenth century was as bad as it could be. The eminent writers, most of them, were largely dominated by the seventeenth century—Swift, for instance, who went back to those earlier writers to get marrow for his style. It was Johnson who founded the average prose style which (in decadence enough) still sways the average man when he takes up his pen; and Johnson based himself on Sir Thomas Browne. But the tradition of a truly vernacular style had never failed from the time of Elizabeth (though the prevalent belief is that it became extinct with the seventeenth century giants); and it could have been developed into an excellent common style but for the irruption of French influences. It is to the tracing of this vernacular current in the seventeenth century that he mainly devotes his article. With acute perception he fixes on Ben Jonson as the restorer and upholder of the Tudor tradition, the popular element in the style of his day. Some time ago we published an article on Jonson's prose; remarking that "it is singular that prose so vernacular should have had no successor, and that so wide an interval should have elapsed between him and Dryden. . . . It certainly deserves more notice than it has received that, thus early, prose so native, showing so much the mettle of its English pasture, could be written."

The resemblance which we then implied between the sturdy vernacular of Jonson and the sturdy vernacular of Dryden was not, it seems, accidental. Dryden makes express reference to the principles advocated in Jonson's *Sylva*. And that Jonson had a chain of successors it is the aim of the reviewer to show.

One need not, however, go further than Browne himself to show that pre-Restoration prose was not always a tissue of long periodic sentences, now unduly loose, now unduly Latinised in construction. The reviewer admits that Browne was more idiomatic in structure than the Ciceronian Hooker. But the admirable knitting of his sentences was not due merely to a better study of English idiom. He was steeped in classic models more compact and pregnant than Cicero. Like his French contemporaries, he was influenced by the great Latin rhetoricians, Lucan, Ovid, and Seneca; whose rivalry it was to put an idea into the fewest possible words. Lucan Browne quotes more than any Latin poet. His style is usually represented by passages such as the opening or closing paragraphs in the famous last chapter of the *Urn-Burial*; passages which combine severely logical structure with a motion like the solemn winging of many seraphim. But the greater portion of that same chapter is terse and sententious, an aphoristic style. When his thought moves him to eloquent rhetoric, the sentence dispreads like a mounting pinion. But the level style is brief and serried, like this:—

There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks.

Or again:—

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one.

This style is a far better foundation for a general style than the ponderous structure which Johnson reared upon it. Nor, with all his Latinities (the supposed excessive proportion of which is grossly exaggerated) was Browne to seek in the vulgar tongue. On the contrary, he blends it in his prose with an excellent mastery, as may partly be seen even in these brief extracts.

But for direct use of the vernacular, the *Quarterly* reviewer points with justice to men like Fuller, South, Chillingworth, and especially Baxter—whose vigour and plainness he compares with Cobbett's. He points, also, to the neglected writers of "Characters," and, in particular, the best of them—"Hudibras" Butler. It is another point on which we commend his acumen. We cannot go the length of decrying Butler's verse in order to enhance his prose, as the reviewer does: we are scandalised by the assertion that *Hudibras* is written in "a clever mechanical kind of verse." But that the "Characters" are most undeservedly neglected we have long held. They are witty and full of Hudibrastic point to a degree; while the style is vernacular, clear, and strong—though we will not add (with the reviewer) "as Swift's." Take this of a time-serving politician, with especial reference to that Royal ingratitude for service done during the Rebellion from which Butler himself suffered:—

He endeavours to restore mankind to the original condition it fell from, by forgetting to discern between good and evil. He steadfastly believes . . . that to show respect to worth in any person is to appear a stranger to it, and not so familiarly acquainted with it as those are who use no ceremony. That the easiest way to purchase a reputation of wisdom and knowledge is to slight and undervalue it, as the readiest way to buy cheap is to bring down the price. He believes there is no way of thriving so easy and certain as to grow rich by defrauding the public. And as the Monster of many Heads has less wit in them all than any one reasonable person, so the Monster of many Purses is easier cheated than any one indifferent crafty fool. . . . All Acts of Oblivion have of late times been found to extend rather to loyal and faithful services done, than rebellion and treasons committed. For benefits are like flowers, sweet only and fresh when they are gathered, but stink when they grow old and wither.

That is an average example, taken at random. But it is enough to show the direct ease, the sardonic wit and irony. Or take these detached observations:—

Oaths and obligations in affairs of the world are like ribands and knots dressing, that seem to tie something, but do not at all.

Dr. —'s dedication of his book to — is not unlike what *Marco Polo* relates of the *Tartars*, that they never eat nor drink but they spill some of it on the ground as an offering to the Devil.

But these, and Izaak Walton, though they prove that vernacular prose was maintained in the seventeenth century, do not disturb the fact that the loftier style was in the ascendant, the style of Hooker, Bacon, Taylor, Browne, Milton. There was no Shakespeare of prose in that day, says the reviewer, who welded and wielded both styles equally. But is a Gallic uniformity of basic style necessary or desirable in English? Does it matter what style is written by the unliterary? Is not the wide latitude and freedom of style among the masters of modern prose, wherein each is free to follow his own affinities, a thing more precious, more suited to our English individualism, than the finished but after all limited perfection of style which France has attained by a contrary method? We think it is. We think it better that we should bring forth out of our treasuries new things and old, than develop on a fixed and contracting line, however perfect the results secured by such narrowing. Individual freedom is the English heritage, in letters as in life.

## "Mainly About" Thérèse Humbert.

THE splendid and sinister career of Madame Thérèse Humbert, born with the extremely Balzacian name of Daurignac, is another proof, if another proof were needed, that the French nation, still great, has passed its grand climacteric. The peasant-like chicane of this tremendous but vulgar woman could only have imposed on a city whose mind, once so finely organised and balanced, now shows the ravages of that disease from which all civilisations ultimately suffer and expire. Paris continues complacently to regard itself as the metropolis of the world, the theatre of its warring forces, and the magnet of its genius. But in reality it is not so. In reality Paris is already left behind; the tides of genuine activity have receded from it. The battles of the strong are now fought in London; and even the American has to recognise this—that the mundane forces concentrate in London. A little while, and they will concentrate in New York; yet a little while, and they will concentrate in San Francisco, always following the path of the sun, as they have always followed it. Meantime, Paris is, not the metropolis, but the resort, of the earth, a Capri among great cities, the natural home of all that is expensive, voluptuous, vicious, and dying; the alcove of a planet, which vigorous men visit and leave again, utilising it with a sort of admiring condescension; an unconscious and superb victim of that specialisation of function which marks the era. The Saxon and the Teuton stand at the north-east corner of the *Placé de la Concorde* and see the tawdry legend on the civic statue of Strasburg there, *Quand Même*, and they wonder that a mighty nation can show itself so infantile, so lost to a sense of dignity, as to flaunt that impossible boast before the eyes of Europe. The Saxon and the Teuton smile and nod pityingly, and beneath all their wonder at the monumental side of Paris, at the astonishing evidence everywhere of its artistic and moral grandeur, there lurks the disturbing and confidence-destroying memory of the *Quand Même*, so hysterical, shrill, womanish, and pitiful. More than the body of Napoleon lies buried under the dome of the Invalides! And the Parisians continue to dream their idle dream, devising pageants like that of the *Exposition Universelle* to cheat themselves into a new belief in their own importance. They continue to scorn the Departments, unable to perceive that the Departments alone preserve the status of France among the nations. The press of the world continues to pay homage to Paris in flowery periods. All men conspire to ignore the obvious, as one pointedly ignores the wrinkles in the face of a beautiful woman. And so the vast and elaborate pretence goes magnificently forward. And then a Thérèse Humbert comes along with an empty safe, and in a single day of discovery the political, the judicial, and the social systems of France stand exposed in their essential rottenness. The Dreyfus affair was one demonstration. The Humbert-Crawford affair is another, more odious and terrible, because more extrinsic, accidental, and lacking in excuse. It might be argued that over the Dreyfus business Paris was hoodwinked by an appeal to its self-respect. But Thérèse Humbert hoodwinked Paris because it wanted to be hoodwinked, because it had forgotten its sagacity and unlearned its clear vision in the foolish eager appetites of an old man. Everyone is perfectly aware that the Humbert affair could only have happened in Paris. In London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or New York the amazing swindle could not by any possibility have lasted a month. Paris fatuously accepted it for a quarter of a century.

It is perhaps natural, but none the less singular, that the Parisian journalists who, during the past three months,



have "written-up" the sensation of the year with so much literary charm and so much curious psychological insight, have failed to perceive what a deadly blow the mere existence of this affair strikes at France's reputation for *savoir-vivre*. The same cannot be said of English journalists, and in particular it cannot be said of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, whose articles on the case have been collected and republished under the title *The Phantom Millions* (Arrowsmith. 1s.). Mr. O'Connor never loses sight of the sociological conclusions which are implicit in this wonderful business. He refers, politely, to the "credulity of mankind," but he allows the context to show that he means "the credulity of France." In some ways *The Phantom Millions* is almost an admirable book. It is journalism, and it is not literature. Indeed, if one were asked to say what modern journalism was, one might point to Mr. O'Connor's book, and say: "This." It is the last word of the M.A.P. school of journalism, and the Jules Huret school of journalism, which lend to "revelations" a quite genuine and authentic interest of psychology. It has a perhaps not entirely factitious glitter of philosophy about it. It teaches, or you think it teaches, while it "tickles the jaded palate" of the too-civilised reader. It is not well written, but it is boldly and picturesquely written. And, what is more important, it is conceived with real imagination and with a real feeling for the romance of the story it tells. Mr. O'Connor is rather successful in disentangling the origins of the drama from the confusions of heredity and environment. Modern drama and fiction have taught him that the characteristics of Madame Humbert are capable of being explained, and he therefore sets himself to explain them, with a show of conviction. He deliberately builds up the individuality of the woman, and he fails only in giving to the reader an adequate notion of the terrific will-power of this phenomenal creature (we use the word phenomenal in its correct sense), that will-power by force of which alone, and not at all by her ingenuity of fraud, she harnessed the judiciary and the politicians of France to her triumphal car. He decidedly does not render credible the great central fact that Madame Humbert should have been able to borrow fifty millions of francs on no security whatever, or the other great central fact that she kept the door of her empty safe fast shut against the decrees of all the courts for over twenty years. But his rapid sketch of the present state of France (even if it is largely borrowed from Mr. Bodley), and his attempt to show how that state was specially favourable to the success of Madame Humbert's scheme—these things amount to brilliant journalism. Whenever he gets a chance to be grandiose, panoramic, and melodramatic—as in his descriptions of Madame Humbert's "private Tammany," or of the position of M. Humbert père, or of [the servitude of Marie Daurignac, or the excessively pathetic case of Madame Humbert's innocent daughter, or of the episode in which M. Duret called on Madame Humbert to produce her phantom litigants, or of the historic visit of Schotmans to the hôtel in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, or of Madame Humbert's device with the pearl necklace to outwit the bailiff, or of the history of the Rente Viagère (that "Liberator" of France), or of the final and disastrous opening of the safe—he is at his best; his far-flung adjectives irradiate the page with glory; his picturesqueness takes on a more splendid air; and, in fact, he discloses himself a master of the journalistic craft. The book is thoroughly readable. It is more than readable, it is philosophic, at once a sermon and a play. It has idiosyncrasy, and that coarse but indubitable charm that flows from Mr. O'Connor's flying pen. It is not so good, so passionately and vividly narrative, as his similar book on the private tragedy of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, but as an achievement of journalism it is second only to the Parnell document. Of course it cannot survive the touch of time. Good journalism is literature that will not live, the gaudy blossom of

an hour, a sort of Mexican Tigridia in the garden of letters. And it would seem that modern journalism is at its best when dealing with the sinister aspects of what is possibly a sinister epoch of civilisation.

## Lonely Words.

WE have to take a language as we find it. It is given to few of us to beget a new word as Daly the Dublin manager did for a wager. He chalked the word "quiz" upon the Dublin shutters one night; the next morning the unknown word was in everybody's mouth, and to-day it is in the dictionary. The rest of us have to content ourselves with the language as it is and endeavour to say some portion of what we think by the means it provides. The poet, however, is in a different case. He has to think, as it were, in pairs of words, and his path is roughly marked out by the possibilities of rhyme. The modern poet is not so completely at the mercy of words as was Horace, who in his famous satire describing the journey to Brundisium had to omit the name of one of his halting places "quod versu dicere non est," and set to commentators the problem of identifying the town which would not go into a hexameter. There are no English words which will not fit into a verse at all. But there are some which cannot without great difficulty be fitted to the rhyming end of it. And one of the most amusing asides of the *Daily Chronicle* during the past fortnight or so has been the collection of words which puzzle the rhymers for a mate. The pathos of the thing lies in the fact that the simplest, commonest, and most necessary words are without rhymes or can make only very unsuitable matches. "Month" was the word first suggested. What are you to do with "month," if you are a poet and are face to face with the word at the end of your line? "Year" rhymes naturally with "dear," and "day" suggests, to a lover, "always":—

Oh, love for a month, a year, a day,  
But alas for the love that loves away!

It recalls one of the earliest of the Sullivan Waltz refrains. But if the poet had inadvertently got the month at the end of the line there would be no possible ending but this:—

Oh, love for a day, a year, a month,  
But not to the  $x^{n+1}$ .

And she would not have comprehended, had she not been a Girton girl, and then she would have been offended. It is true that Mr. Swinburne, incapable of algebra, has looked to arithmetic for a rhyme, and found it in "millionth," and that is a small triumph. How many millions of oranges come to London in the course of a year? Yet only one of them has a rhyme. Sheridan, it is traditionally said, found the rhyme in a Welsh range of hills, and also tried to supply another rhyme to "month." Thus:—

From the Ganges to the Bloreng  
Came the Rajah in a month,  
Sucking now and then an orange,  
Reading all the way his Grunth.

Unfortunately the sacred book of the Sikhs is pronounced "Grunth." So Mr. Swinburne triumphs. Orange and love suggest orange-blossom, and it would be hard to find a serious rhyme to "blossom." Mr. W. S. Gilbert was fond of setting himself problems in rhyme, and you may remember that the "modern major-general" in the "Pirates of Penzance" came plump against "strategy," which suggests no obvious fellow. Mr. Gilbert ingeniously mated it with "sat a gee." But while one may drive a coach and four through an Act of Parliament, twenty men could not drive a "gee" into poetry. "Heaven" has always been

a difficult word to deal with, though so necessary in the poetry of love and religion. Two prosaic numerals are at hand, the Jewish "leaven"—a perfect rhyme—and Mr. Newbolt has dragged in "Devon," which is good enough. Beyond that we are "driven" to "forgiven," and the rhymes can pass only in the hymn-book which covers so many sins. But of all the words which stand alone perhaps "silver" is the loneliest, when you consider how necessary it is and how cheap it has become. So far as we can discover no poet has ever mated "silver" with a rhyme. But at last the *Daily Chronicle* has discovered a "chilver," which is Devonian for a ewe lamb. It now remains for the poet to perform the marriage ceremony, if he can. One other rhyme has been suggested, the "Guadalquivir"—the river in Spain. And the suggestion illustrates the curious lack of ear from which the untrained person suffers. This is further illustrated in the difficulty of rhyming to "girl"—a simple thing, and so necessary, yet without a mate in England. Of course we have all heard of the little girl who had a curl; but she was not a "gurl." There is perhaps no more elusive word in the language. It is often pronounced "gell" (with a hard "g") and often printed "gal." We have taken the evidence of one of the acutest pairs of ears in England, and the reply is that the vowel in "girl," as usually pronounced by educated people, corresponds to the vowel in "care." So that the English girl must in poetry remain virginally unmated. For we can think of nothing to suit her.

## The Truth about an Author.

### Chapters in Autobiography.

#### XVI.

WHEN I had settled down into the landscape, bought my live-stock, studied manuals on horses, riding, driving, hunting, dogs, poultry, and wildflowers, learned to distinguish between wheat and barley and between a six-year old and an aged screw, shot a sparrow on the fence only to find it was a redbreast, drunk the cherry-brandy of the Elizabethan inn, played in the village cricket team, and ceased to feel self-conscious in riding-breeches, I perceived with absolute certainty that I had made no error; I knew that, come poverty or the riches of Indian short stories, I should never again live permanently in London. I expanded, and in my expansion I felt rather sorry for Londoners. I perceived, too, that the country possessed commercial advantages which I had failed to appreciate before. When you live two and a half miles from a railway you can cut a dash on an income which in London spells omnibus instead of cab. For myself I have a profound belief in the efficacy of cutting a dash. You invite an influential friend down for the week-end. You meet him at the station with a nice little grey mare in a phaeton, and an unimpeachable Dalmatian running behind. The turn-out is nothing alone, but the pedigree printed in the pinkiness of that dog's chaps and in the exiguity of his tail, spotted to the last inch, would give tone to a coster's cart. You see that your influential friend wishes to comment, but as you gather up the reins you carefully begin to talk about the weather and prices per thousand. You rush him home in twelve minutes, skimming gate-posts. On Monday morning, purposely running it fine, you hurry him into a dog-cart behind a brown cob fresh from a pottle of beans, and you whirl him back to the station in ten minutes, up-hill half the way. You fling him into the train, with ten seconds to spare. "This is how we do it in these parts," your studiously nonchalant face says to him. He thinks. In a few hours Fleet Street becomes aware that young So-and-so, who lately

buried himself in the country, is alive and lusty. Your stock rises. You go up one. You extort respect. You are ticketed in the retentive brains of literary Shahs as a success. And you still have the dog left for another day.

In the country there is plenty of space and plenty of time, and no damnable fixed relation between these two; in other words, a particular hour does not imply a particular spot for you, and this is something to an author. I found my days succeeding each other with a leisurely and adorable monotony. I lingered over breakfast like a lord, perusing the previous evening's papers with as much gusto as though they were hot from the press. I looked sideways at my work, with a non-committal air, as if saying: "I may do you or I may not. I shall see how I feel." I went out for a walk, followed by dogs less spectacular than the Dalmatian, to collect ideas. I had nothing to think about but my own direct productiveness. I stopped to examine the progress of trees, to discuss meteorology with roadmenders, to wonder why lambs always waggled their tails during the act of taking sustenance. All was calmness, serenity. The embryo of the article or the chapter faintly adumbrated itself in my mind, assumed a form. One idea, then another, then an altercation with the dogs, ending in castigation, disillusion, and pessimism for them. Suddenly I exclaimed: "I think I've got enough to go on with!" And I turned back homewards. I reached my study and sat down. From my windows I beheld a magnificent panorama of hills. Now the contemplation of hills is uplifting to the soul; it leads to inspiration and induces nobility of character, but it has a tendency to interfere with actual composition. I stared long at those hills. Should I work, should I not work? A brief period always ensued when the odds were tremendous against any work being done that day. Then I seized the pen and wrote the title. Then another dreadful and disconcerting pause, all ideas having scuttled away like mice to their holes. Well, I must put something down, however ridiculous. I wrote a sentence, feeling first that it would not serve and then that it would have to serve, anyway. I glanced at the clock. Ten twenty-five! I watched the clock in a sort of hypnotism that authors know of, till it showed ten-thirty. Then with a horrible wrench I put the pen in the ink again. . . . Jove! Eleven forty-five, and I had written seven hundred words. Not bad stuff that! Indeed, very good! Time for a cigarette and a stroll round to hear wisdom from the gardener. I resumed at twelve, and then in about two minutes it was one o'clock and lunch time. After lunch, rest for the weary and the digesting; slumber; another stroll. Arrival of the second post on a Russian pony that cost fifty shillings. Tea, and perusal of the morning paper. Then another spell of work, and the day was gone, vanished, distilled away. And about five days made a week, and forty-eight weeks a year.

No newspaper-proprietors, contributors, circulations, placards, tape machines, theatres, operas, concerts, picture galleries, clubs, restaurants, parties, Undergrounds! Nothing artificial except myself and my work! And nothing, save the fear of rent-day, to come between myself and my work!

It was dull, you will tell me. But I tell you it was magnificent. Monotony, solitude, are essential to the full activity of the artist. Just as a horse is seen best when coursing alone over a great plain, so the fierce and callous egotism of the artist comes to its perfection in a vast expanse of custom, leisure, and apparently vacuous reverie. To insist on forgetting his work, to keep his mind a blank until the work, no longer to be held in check, rushes into that emptiness and fills it up—that is one of the secrets of imaginative creation. Of course it is not a recipe for every artist. I have known artists, and genuine ones, who could keep their minds empty and suck in the beauty of the world for evermore without the slightest difficulty;



who only wrote, as the early Britons hunted, when they were hungry and there was nothing in the pot. But I was not of that species. On the contrary, the incurable habit of industry, the itch for the pen, was my chiefest curse. To be unproductive for more than a couple of days or so was to be miserable. Like most writers I was frequently the victim of an illogical, indefensible and causeless melancholy; but one kind of melancholy could always be explained, and that was the melancholy of idleness. I could never divert myself with hobbies. I did not read much, except in the way of business. Two hours reading, even of Turgenev or Balzac or Montaigne, wearied me out. An author once remarked to me: "*I know enough. I don't read books, I write 'em.*" It was a haughty and arrogant saying, but there is a sense in which it was true. Often I have felt like that: "*I know enough, I feel enough. If my future is as long as my past, I shall still not be able to put down the tenth part of what I have already acquired.*" The consciousness of this, of what an extraordinary and wonderful museum of perceptions and emotions my brain was, sustained me many a time against the chagrins, the delays, and the defeats of the artistic career. Often have I said inwardly: "World, when I talk with you, dine with you, wrangle with you, love you, and hate you, I condescend!" Every artist has said that. People call it conceit; people may call it what they please. One of the greatest things a great man said, is:—

I know I am august.

I do not trouble my spirit to indicate itself or to be understood.

I exist as I am, that is enough.

If no other in the world be aware I sit content.

And if each and all be aware I sit content.

Nevertheless, for me, the contentment of the ultimate line surpassed the contentment of the penultimate. And therefore it was, perhaps, that I descended on London from time to time like a wolf on the fold, and made the world aware, and snatched its feverish joys for a space, and then, surfeited and advertised, went back and relapsed into my long monotony. And sometimes I would suddenly halt and address myself: "You may be richer or you may be poorer; you may live in greater pomp and luxury, or in less. The point is that you will always be, essentially, what you are now. You have no real satisfaction to look forward to except the satisfaction of continually inventing, fancying, imagining, scribbling. Say another thirty years of these emotional ingenuities, these interminable variations on the theme of beauty. Is it good enough?"

And I answered: Yes.

But who knows? Who can preclude the regrets of the dying couch?

THE END.

## Music.

### On Musical Criticism.

ONE of last week's essayists in little found himself wondering why there were so few instructive and delightful books about music, why, as a rule, or even as an exception, there was so little instructive and delightful musical criticism. Now I think "M. M. B." exaggerates. "Why," he laments, "is there so much written that is interesting concerning books and writers, art and artists, science and scientists, and so little appealing to the music-lover or helping him in his art?" Now it seems to me that, in spite of the fact that music is much more difficult to write about than any of the other arts, a great deal that is both interesting and valuable has been written about music, not only from a technical but from a general point of view.

Wagner's prose writings present us with a body of theory concerning his art such as few poets or painters have ever given us. Indeed I think we can find a parallel only in the writings of Leonardo da Vinci and Sir Joshua Reynolds on the one hand, and of Goethe and Coleridge on the other. Then, among musicians, there was Schumann, who edited musical papers and wrote the main part of them; who wrote, indeed, in only too literary a way, but always with an eager and watchful insight, which was rarely deceived, ready to discover a new genius before that genius had really discovered himself. Liszt wrote with voluminous and flowing eloquence, as in his book on Chopin; Berlioz was a musical critic for thirty years, besides writing one of the most delightful and quite the most exhilarating of autobiographies; Saint-Saëns, Bruneau, Vincent d'Indy, most indeed of the contemporary French composers, have written musical criticism, always in an attractive as well as a sound and serious way. Gluck, who anticipated Wagner in his music, anticipated him also in a theoretical preface which sets forth very much the ideas which Wagner was afterwards to develop. Then in regard to the musicians who have written nothing for the public, how much splendid incidental criticism do we not find in the letters which their biographers have printed after their death! For my part I know hardly any biographical literature so full, various, and entertaining as the biographies of musicians. Few musicians have not had at least one good biographer. And, as a matter of interest, I contend that Grove's "Dictionary of Musicians" is as good a companion for a wet day in the country as any volume of Larousse or the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

"The musical papers," says "M. M. B.," "fall far short of their possibilities, and few critics are capable of really illuminative articles." No doubt, but remember that while everybody, in a certain sense, can write about literature, only musicians, or those who have made a special study of music, can write about music, and a good musician is much better employed in writing music. Think of the ecstasy with which Berlioz, when at last he had made a little money by his *Troycens*, gave up his post on the *Débats*! "At last," he cries in his autobiography, "after thirty years' bondage, I am free! No more *feuilletons* to write, no more commonplaces to excuse, no more mediocrities to praise, no more indignation to suppress; no more lies, no more comedies, no more mean compromises—I am free!" And he gravely writes down: "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.*"

The reason why music is so much more difficult to write about than any other art, is because music is the one absolutely disembodied art, when it is heard, and no more than a proposition of Euclid, when it is written. It is wholly useless, to the student no less than to the general reader, to write about music in the style of the programmes for which we pay sixpence at the concerts. "Repeated by flute and oboe, with accompaniment for clarinet (in triplets) and strings *pizzicato*, and then worked up by the full orchestra, this melody is eventually allotted to the 'cellos, its accompaniment now taking the form of chromatic passages," and so forth. Not less useless is it to write a rhapsody which has nothing to do with the notes, and present this as an interpretation of what the notes have said in an unknown language. Yet what method is there besides these two methods? None, indeed, that can ever be wholly satisfactory; at the best, no more than a compromise.

In writing about poetry, while precisely that quality which makes it poetry must always evade expression, there yet remain the whole definite meaning of the words, the whole easily explicable technique of the verse, which can be made clear to every reader. In painting, you have the subject of the picture, and you have the colour, handling, and the like, which can be expressed

hardly less precisely in words. But music has no subject, outside itself; no meaning, outside its meaning as music. What subterfuges are required, in order to give the vaguest suggestion of what a piece of music is like, and how little has been said, after all, beyond generalisation, which would apply equally to half-a-dozen different pieces! The composer himself, if you ask him, will tell you that you may be quite correct in what you say, but that he has no opinion in the matter.

Music has indeed a language, but it is a language in which birds and other angels may talk, but out of which we cannot translate their meaning. Emotion itself, how changed becomes even emotion when we transport it into a new world, in which only sound has feeling! But I am putting it as if it had died and been re-born there, whereas it was born in its own region, and is wholly ignorant of ours.

Now is there not some reason why musical criticism is not always "illuminative," "instructive," or "delightful"? Is it not, on the other hand, surprising that so much valuable writing about music does exist? Of music as music, perhaps no one has really written; but theory and anecdote, these remain, and when Berlioz writes it, even a treatise on instrumentation can become as interesting as a fairy-tale.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## Art.

### Japanese Pictures in Whitechapel.

JAPAN is indeed knocking at the gates of London. Opening an illustrated journal I find a picture, by a Japanese artist, of "Outside Drury Lane Theatre 11.15 p.m." The post brings the initial number of a new paper, printed in English, called *The Anglo-Japanese Gazette*. Turning the pages of the *Monthly Review*, I find the first of a series of papers by Mr. Arthur Morrison on "The Painters of Japan," and as I write the East-end public are flocking to the Japanese Exhibition at the Whitechapel Fine Art Gallery.

The Fine Art section of this exhibition has been arranged by Mr. Arthur Morrison, a testimony to its excellence. On the face of it there is small connection between the Art of Japan, and the *Tales of Mean Streets* of London, between the crowded nursery of the Jago, and the light, laughter-loving life of Japan as we know it in colour-prints and *Kakemono*'s. Turning to the collection of Japanese prints as a recreation, Mr. Morrison found the study so absorbing that he has become one of the few experts on Japanese art in this country. He has the courage of his opinions, and in the article in the *Monthly Review* again and again tilts a lance at the authorities. The ordinary man can only look on and learn. If he desires to become a collector of Japanese prints he must buy his experience and make up his mind to be deceived: the clever forgeries outnumber the genuine pictures of the masters by three to one. Many of the finest examples he will never see, for they are "most jealously guarded in the treasure-houses of Japanese nobles, and are never sold." Not till he can distinguish at a glance, with no reference to seal or signature, between the brush work, say, of the three brothers—Tanyu, Noonobu, and Yasunobu—may he consider his judgment of any value. Brush work, rather than the colour, is, it would seem, what those dim, grave gentlemen, the noble amateurs of Japan, value, and when the English tyro has learnt to recognise the personal touch of the great Japanese painters, and to appreciate their brush-work, he will begin to understand, says Mr. Morrison, why some of the Japanese painters most appreciated in Europe, are held somewhat lower in the esteem of Japanese amateurs, "Hokusai, for instance."

Now if there was one name that the cultured English amateur, anxious to be in the movement when, a few years ago, Japanese art was the right thing, clung to, it was Hokusai. That name carried the weight of Japan on its shoulders at English dinner parties. Moreover, is it not hall-marked by Mr. Whistler? Is it not written in the *Ten o'Clock* that "the story of the beautiful is already complete—hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon—and brodered, with the birds, upon the fan of Hokusai—at the foot of Fusi-yama." Now, alas! the crown has fallen from Hokusai's head. There are others who hold a higher place "in the esteem of Japanese amateurs." But it is hard to let him go, and at Whitechapel (one wonders what the East-end will think of this exhibition) there is a large landscape painted on silk that pleads for his restoration. It is a characteristic picture of that gay land where, to English eyes, everybody looks like everybody else, and where the inhabitants have nothing to do but to wear pretty clothes and enjoy nature and each other's society. That is the land of Hokusai as shown in this picture of a party of Japanese ladies and gentlemen "Viewing the Cherry Blossom." How much pleasanter than going to Ranelagh to see a polo match! The party have strewn rugs on the grass, and seated there they look up with childish pleasure at the blossoms on the trees. It is a delightful scene. Possibly the strenuous Japanese of these days resent such a scene being taken as typical of the habits of their countrymen. But Hokusai could be practical when he chose. Another of his designs in colour shows a timber-yard, with one of the poles cutting the cone of Fusi-yama. He died in 1849, at the age of ninety. It is told of him that he said, "If I could only live to be a hundred and ten, then I could be a great painter indeed." He remains the best known, if not the greatest of the painters, in a land where painting and drawing have always been esteemed since the days when the earliest of the teachers arrived from Corea. A Japanese chronicle of the year 612 gives an account of the arrival of one of these teachers. Mr. Morrison quotes the account from Mr. W. G. Aston's translation. Pèkché was an ancient Japanese name for Corea.

"This year a man emigrated from Pèkché whose face and body were all flecked with white, being perhaps affected with white ringworm. People disliking his extraordinary appearance, wished to cast him away on an island in the sea. But this man said: 'If you dislike my spotted skin you should not breed horses or kine in this country which are spotted with white. Moreover, I have a small talent. I can make the figures of hills and mountains. If you kept me, and made use of me, it would be to the advantage of the country. Why should you waste me by casting me away on an island of the sea?' Through the centuries the race of Japanese painters has continued unbroken, they have never 'made' pictures, but have always looked at the idea rather than the material fact." The literary or historical subject which has become the commonplace of Western art has not attracted them. Some vision of colour, some beauty of line in the human form, some fortuitous arrangement of natural objects have sufficed. Hokusai saw a group of women on the terrace of a pagoda gazing at Fusi-yama, their supple bodies clad in blue robes, swaying in childish glee at the beauty of their adored mountain. The lines of their pretty backs, the sky, and the mountain were motive enough for this master. A Japanese artist who is working at the present moment in London, and who has come under the dominion of our illustrated press, draws a fashionable London scene; but his contemporaries, Toshikata and Gekko, who are still in Japan, are content with such subjects as "Girl with Flowers" and "Girls in a Boat."

The delicacy of colour of many of these Japanese prints is astonishing, putting to shame our attempts at colour printing. But then our colour printing is done by a skilled workman, whereas these Japanese coloured



prints are the handicraft of the artist himself who passes nothing which does not come up to his own standard of beauty. It is this loveliness of colour that attracts the Western amateur, as it attracted Rossetti, and gives, in his eyes, such honour to the name of Hokusai. But it is by the brush-work rather than by the colour that the expert in Japan judges a design. Suppose some grave Japanese connoisseur has been asked to give an opinion on a Kakemono that a friend has just acquired. A Kakemono, I should explain, is a hanging picture mounted on brocade. Kakemonos are kept rolled up, and only one is exhibited at a time, great care being taken to select a Kakemono which is appropriate to the season, or to the taste of the guest in whose honour it is shown. The connoisseur unrolls it slowly and carefully. He does not wish to see the whole of the picture at once: his method is to judge the artist's technical skill by a small section of the brush-work, then when he has made up his mind upon that, the Kakemono is unrolled and his appreciation is free to be delighted with the design and the colour. One of the Kakemonos at Whitechapel of which the Japanese expert in brush-work would surely approve shows a man holding a monkey, with a dog at his feet. It is by three artists and was drawn at a tea-party. The monkey is by Mori Sosen; the man by Mori Yusen, his son; the dog by Mori Tessen, the adopted son of Mori Sosen. Observe how even in the excitement of a tea-party the proprieties are observed. Mori Sosen being the greatest of the trio his monkey stands highest in the picture, the man by his son comes next, and the dog by the least important artist of the three has the lowest place in the picture.

One of the schools of Japanese painting is the Ukioye, which signifies the painters of "common or passing life." It is a happy custom which persuades a great artist to devote the strength of his genius, to concentrate all his power of expressing beauty of form and colour, in such subjects as travellers resting in a wistaria garden, or a youth with a hawk gathering egg-fruit, or a mother carrying a child to bed under a mosquito net. Perhaps the most popular prints will be Suzuki Harunobu's ideal type of Japanese female beauty, and Katsugawa Shunsho's type of ideal manly beauty. Then East and West can meet to disagree.

C. L. H.

## Science.

### What Dreams are Made of.

WHY man should spend a considerable part of his sleeping hours in seeing sights, hearing sounds, and undergoing experiences that have no easily discoverable connection with actual fact, is a problem that must have always vexed the curious. The savage accounts for it by supposing that his incorporeal part leaves him during slumber, and that his dream adventures are but those which happen to his spirit in the spirit-world. The survival of this idea may be traced in all the religions of antiquity, which looked on dreams as one of the means by which the gods communicated their will to man. But when these ideas were outgrown, a logical explanation of dreams seemed farther off than ever, and it was not, perhaps, until that versatile genius, Alfred Maury, undertook, some fifty years ago, a series of experiments upon himself that any theory of dreams could be founded upon a scientific basis. Even now it cannot be said that the facts upon which the best account of the matter rests are indisputable or thoroughly ascertained. For, as Maury himself pointed out, our only record of our thoughts during sleep is what we remember of them when we wake up, and the remembered is likely to differ considerably from the original impression. It is as well to bear this in

mind in listening to any stories of remarkable dreams, or even to any theory that may be derived from them.

With this caution it may be said that the theory to which nearly all physiologists since Maury have inclined is that dreams are for the most part the result of impressions received by the senses of the sleeper from the external world. Maury, when a child, dreamed that his head was being hammered on the anvil of a smithy, and discovered on awaking that a blacksmith was in fact making horseshoes in a neighbouring building. When grown up, he dreamed that he was about to be guillotined, and woke up to find that a lath from the head of the bed had fallen and was pressing upon his neck. Dr. Gregory, in like manner, went to sleep with a hot-water bottle at his feet and dreamed that he was climbing Mount Etna and walking over hot lava. So it has been shown by actual experiment that water dropped into the open mouth of a sleeper will make him dream that he is swimming, a silk handkerchief laid over the mouth and nose that he is suffocated or buried alive, and a mustard plaster laid on the head that he is being scalped by Indians. The strength of such sensory impressions, which may even translate themselves into actions without awaking the sleeper, may be easily observed in the case of dogs asleep before a fire, who will often move their paws and open cry as if they were actually hunting. In this case, it is probably the increased flow of blood to the legs caused by the heat of the fire which is the determining cause of the dream.

From this it might be gathered that everyone in the same circumstances would dream the same thing, and to a certain extent this is no doubt true. The tendency of shipwrecked sailors upon short allowance of food and drink to dream of abundant dishes and flowing streams has often been noted, and it is said that the dreams of soldiers the night before the battle often bear a strong family likeness to each other. So, too, we can explain the practice of "incubation" in many ancient temples, where he who would enquire of the god was allowed to sleep near the shrine, and generally managed to dream something which could be twisted into an answer to the question he had come to ask. But it should be remembered that the concepts of our waking moments are never simple, but are largely made up of memories of our former impressions, and it is not reasonable to expect that our sleeping concepts should differ from them. Just as an artist and a farmer see different things when they look at a beautiful landscape, so does the personal equation count for much in dreams. Dr. Maudsley tells us that in his experience those whom years of practice in observation and reflection have trained to think coherently will alone have coherent dreams; while M. Lorain says that the amount of cerebral activity manifested by the individual during the day is the measure of cerebral capacity shown by him in dreamland. People who do not use their brain much—children, women, and handicraftsmen, as he rather ungallantly puts it—according to this last, seldom show any intellectual power in their dreams.

So far, therefore, it might be said that all our dreams are composed of impressions received from the outer world, and this would be the end of the matter were man only the "bundle of sensations" that Kingsley's Aben Ezra once thought himself. But the fact that the great organs of the body—the heart, the lungs, and the liver—continue to work when the senses are drowned in sleep, shows that this is not so, and that behind the "moi sensoriel," or sensory self, there stands the "moi splanchnique" or visceral self which discharges all the functions necessary to the maintenance of life and well-being without reference to the individual consciousness. What part this second personality within us plays in the composition of our dreams is not yet clear, and it is possible that it never does so directly, but only by such a disarrangement or interruption of the machinery as forces itself upon the attention of the senses.

The question seems for the present to be outside the range of experiment, but it appears to be well established that any lesion of the more important viscera, such as paralysis, locomotor ataxy, and certain forms of heart and lung disease herald their approach by nightly-recurring dreams of the most terrifying character. To go further into this subject would take me beyond the scope of these articles, and I will only refer those curious on the subject to Dr. Tissot's little work *Les Rêves*, which forms a lucid and readable introduction to its study.

Subject to this, however, the theory that dreams are made up of past and present impressions holds the field, and this receives nightly confirmation in the case of most of us. Fantastic and odd as our dreams—or rather what we remember of them—appear to our waking minds, patient analysis generally decomposes them into a sort of kaleidoscopic combination of sensations received during sleep with the events or thoughts occurring to us in the past. Thus, in Maury's decapitation dream mentioned above, the guillotine in the affair is accounted for by the fact that he had been reading before falling asleep some of the chronicles of the Reign of Terror. So, in a case quoted in Weygandt's *Entstehung der Träume*, a man who cherished delightful memories of a country house where he had for the first time met with a certain scent, used to direct his servant to scatter, at times unknown to him, that particular perfume upon his pillow with the certainty that he would again visit in his dreams the scene of his enchantment. It may even be said that the same proposition can be proved conversely. The dream of entertaining royalty, which the cynical say comes to every lady at some time during her life, is probably composed of the memory of past social triumphs coupled with an acquaintance with the features of august personages gained from photographs or otherwise; yet it is said at the same time that no woman ever dreams of entertaining persons utterly unknown to her. So also children who are born blind never dream that they are seeing; while those who become blind after the age of seven dream frequently of sights seen by them before the failure of their eyesight. Unromantic as the idea may be, everything goes to show that our nightly dreams come neither through the horn nor the ivory gate of the poet, but are partly drawn from what is going on around our sleeping forms, and partly from the memories of past experiences stored up within our bodies as within other forms of matter.

F. LEGGE.

## Correspondence.

### Ruskin and the Fallen Campanile.

SIR,—Time has curiously avenged the architect of the college at Edinburgh. In the *Stones of Venice* Ruskin caricatured our modern British imitations of Gothic towers by placing the elevation of one of the Edinburgh towers beside that of the Campanile, and pointed out that the latter though 350 feet high and built of brick needed no buttresses to hold it up, whilst the former though only 121 feet high and built of stone "is supposed to be incapable of standing without two huge buttresses on each angle." Not that Ruskin was wrong. Indeed he was very right, but the irony of fate has put the laugh against him for the moment—Yours, &c.,

12, Upper Phillimore Gardens, W. G. S. LAYARD.

### The Mill of Silence.

SIR,—In the matter of a short note, in your issue of the 26th July, on a novel by me, *The Mill of Silence*. Your extract is certainly very funny. I am sorry you think it

characteristic. Will you, however, allow me a word of explanation? *The Mill of Silence* figured, successfully, years ago in a "highly-coloured" competition. It was written, under drastic conditions, for that purpose, and was never designed for any better. I parted with my copyright, and the little cursed chicken has come home to roost. Its present proprietor issues this old "sensation" story, in spite of my expostulations, as a new novel by me. It has already been printed, serially and in book form, in both England and America, and is in fact nothing but a reprint, and a horribly mutilated and "edited" one, of my ancient "shocker."—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD CAPES.

South View, St. James's Crescent, Winchester.

### Lud's Town.

SIR,—Your reviewer of Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary* very mercifully only finds fault with me for "quoting with approval" the old derivation of London from Lud's town. There is nothing to suggest (I think) that I approve of the etymology in question, but Shakespeare in "Cymbeline" says that famed Cassibelaun "made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright," and the *Glossary* therefore shows that by Lud's town the poet alludes to London. I share your reviewer's regret that the author of "Cymbeline" accepted the derivation.—Yours, &c.,

H. LITLEDALE.

### Kensington Gardens.

SIR,—The Scotch Firs in Kensington Gardens about which Mr. Alford inquires were on the North side slightly to the East of the line of the Queen's Road. There were some twenty or thirty of them, perhaps more, standing in 1867. All had gone in 1891. I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

E. B.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 149 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best paper on a daily compulsory walk, as distinct from a recreative walk. We award the prize to Mr. R. G. Alford, 60, Barkston Gardens, S.W., for the following:—

Daily I suppose includes nightly. Compulsory? Well I must leave that to the Editor's judgment. The leading facts of the case are—(1) that the nearest pillar box is some hundreds of yards away; (2) that my charming wife is a great letter writer whose solicitude for her friends makes it a matter of great importance they should always hear from her exactly when they expect to and not a post later. Every evening after dinner she writes and writes. It is a busy time. Beyond an occasional lament that the new stationery has not yet come from the stores, or that the Postal Guide is two months old, I hear nothing. My feet are on the sofa enjoying themselves in easy pumps with doubtful soles, but at the other end I am all anxiety. Will the letters be ready before the maids have gone to bed? No, a fresh sheet is brought on the blotting paper, as I hear their departing footsteps. Sadly I retreat to my dressing-room and crush my feet into the loathed boots of the day, now siff and cold. I return and wait. Goethe, I think, said that only the unexpected and unknown could be too hard for us and I am prepared. "Would you like to post a few letters for me to-night, dear?" "Immensely." "Henrietta will think it odd if she doesn't hear about that blouse before she goes out in the afternoon and you know the post out at midnight will be delivered in Exeter before one." "Of course." "Thank you, dear, it is sweet of you. Oh, you have got your boots on, what a good thing."



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OF

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Edited by L. S. AMERY, Fellow of All Souls.

FACSIMILE PAGE.

## ELANDSLAAGTE

191

the thud of the galloping horses and the exulting cries of the troopers, they opened out and tried to save themselves by flight. But with so small a start their little ponies were no match for the big-striding Walers, and the cavalry were upon them almost before they realised that they were pursued. Some tried to snap their Mausers from the saddle, some threw themselves on the ground, others knelt down vainly imploring for mercy in the agony of their terror.\* For a mile and a half the Dragoons and Lancers over-rode the flying enemy. Then they rallied and galloped back to complete the havoc and to meet such of the fugitives as had escaped the initial burst. In the second gallop but little sabreing or spearing was done, and many prisoners were taken. Then the scattered troopers were again rallied. The men fell in and cheered madly. There was something awful in the dramatic setting of the scene. The wild troopers forming in the thickening darkness, with their reeking weapons bare; the little knot of prisoners, with faces blanched in fear, herded together at the lance point; the dim patches on the veld, which denoted the destruction which had been dealt, and the spasmodic popping of rifles from remote portions of the field as the fighting died out with last light of day, or as the wounded tried to attract attention. It should be said to the credit of the British troopers that, although they had mercilessly carried out the duties attendant upon a cavalry pursuit, yet, once their duty was accomplished, they showed every solicitude for those who had suffered.

\* This charge created the greatest terror and resentment among the Boers, who vowed at the time that they would destroy all Lancers they captured. But it must be clearly understood that charging cavalry are fully justified in not giving quarter to individuals (though it was done in a good many cases in this charge at Elandslaagte), unless the whole object of the charge is to be frustrated. Similarly the wounding of men several times over—one young Boer at Elandslaagte received sixteen lance wounds and survived—is a natural and almost inevitable feature of a cavalry charge. The Boers have been the first to introduce into war the theory that every individual has the right to ask quarter for himself at any moment in an action, a theory which our soldiers seem to have almost invariably accepted. Thus Sir G. White, in his despatch on Elandslaagte, notes that in the final stage of the flank attack the Boers remained lying down and firing at our men till they came within twenty yards and then quietly asked quarter, which was invariably granted.

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Other papers follow:—

Morning by morning, I take the same walk over Vauxhall Bridge, down the Embankment and into Millbank Street. Evening by evening, I return the same way. The change of direction means to or from work. And it is this thought of work that has become so closely associated with the walk, that the idea is almost identified with the scene. But perhaps after all this is not merely a thought that is arbitrarily super-imposed on the outlook—perhaps, the scene itself in its innermost nature has some underlying principle in harmony with this spirit of toil. Such an impression has often been indefinitely borne in upon me as I have crossed the bridge and turned down the Embankment. Coal wharves and coke yards edge the river up-stream, canopied over by sooty smoke-clouds from the big gasworks near by. On this side of the bridge the long grey reach is burdened with all manner of huge unwieldy boxes and lighterage crafts and wee fretting tugs. On the further shore, dull grey smoke-clouds half hide the pottery works, ranged up along the bank. The seen and the unseen are here, but only as factors in the great scheme of the city's toil—and make our morning's walk a long arcade of symbols detached from the great work-market. At evening-time, as I return, the reddish light and gentle fog-giness give a sense of respite. But even then it seems but as the feverish slumber of a restless and unresting soul. Romance has no place here in this crudeness. The hoarse toting of some belated tug strikes on our ears for the evening's Angelus.

[T. W. C., Wandsworth.]

The nearest way to my business is not the most pleasant, nor the most popular; but it possesses a peculiar charm, which compensates its drawbacks. A long bricked narrow alley, on each side a string of dirty houses with very dirty tenants of all sorts and-sizes. The most prominent features worthy of notice are wandering buckets (propelled by some secret perpetual motive power), brooms, and broken windows. The latter are of intense interest, as they indicate the passions and hobbies of the tenants. In No. 1 house with a starred window-pane there is a *Clarion* pasted on the glass, the tenant evidently is one who believes in the nationalisation of collieries and railways. No. 3, with the green door and red blind, finds time to gather butterflies, as the glass-topped collar-box filled with soiled specimens testifies. No. 11 has given his soul over to vanity and vexation. No better evidence than *Sporting Life* and *Sportman* for curtains is required. No. 20 is a bird fancier and soothes his ruffled spirits by attending to his canaries. Exactly opposite No. 20 on fine mornings hangs a parrot whose limited vocabulary of one word (Garn) throws its owner into ecstasies of delight. The last house on the right has a kind of indicator in its blind as to the general temper of its tenants.

On Monday morning the blind is down—a dispute. Tuesday half-way—clearing up. Wednesday, right up—John's not a bad fellow after all.

[A. H., Birmingham.]

It is said to be a bare mile in length—our dull, suburban street—but we, who every morning and evening are compelled to make its acquaintance, grow exceedingly sceptical as to the distance. You know the picture—a severely kept roadway, concrete pavements that are adamant to tired feet, rows of lime trees which, despite careful nursing, refuse to outgrow their timid and fragile youth, red-bricked villas, priced at forty-five pounds a year, elbowing one another all down the facing ranks. The road itself is as straight as though some gigantic ruler had marked it out; the houses resemble a regiment of soldiers toting that chalk line of footway and strained to persistent attention.

At the further end the station lies, and that each morning is our destination. How alike we are, as alike as peas in a pod, we who emerge from our front doors, wave farewells to our wives, swing to our garden gates, and with last looks at our watches trudge easily or hurriedly stationwards as time directs. Of late a woman in a bright blouse has joined our column, but somehow we resent her appearance. She clashes with the drab sobriety of the street; she breaks the monotony, that from mere familiarity we have come to cherish; she puts a bit of colour into lives which must perforce remain colourless.

A puff of white smoke rising at the end of the road; one glimpse of a fugitive figure with a bag, and our thoroughfare awaits in sleepy silence the invasion of butchers' carts.

[H. J., Hadley Wood.]

A "compulsory" walk indeed, and never recreative—except for the Pug. It takes place daily at nine. True the paper has just arrived, but how wicked to neglect a poor dumb animal! So the poor dumb animal barks its mistress deaf while she dons her walking-apparel, and then the "compulsory" walk begins. Its possibilities are dreadful, and the Pug invents new ones daily. First there is the neighbour with horticultural tastes. His gate has been left open, and the Pug remembers clearly that a bone was buried several weeks ago in the vegetable bed. So—what can she do but hurry on to avoid hearing the opinion of the horticultural neighbour on the subject. Then there is the butcher-boy, and why should his break-neck speed excite the Pug to such immoderate barking? Each day he returns to her side howling with the pain of the butcher-boy's lash, but one day he may not return, and that will be the result of the butcher-boy's wheel. Then there is the grocer's dog—and when

it advances erect and fierce—but at least there is one comfort, the Pug is an arrant coward. There is also the cat at the Almshouses, and the daily awful terror of having its body laid at her feet. Lastly, when the prescribed half-hour is over, and the garden gate re-entered, there is always the likelihood of the Pug waiting round the corner and then sauntering off into the town on some unworthy commission. A "compulsory" walk is undoubtedly a thing to be avoided.

[M. J., Maidstone.]

Twenty-five other papers received.

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## New Books Received.

### POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Dry (Wakeling), *Nights at the Opera: Wagner's Tristan and Isolde* (De La More Press)  
Stephens (A. G.) and Lindsay (Norman), *Oblation*..... (Websdale, Sydney) 3/6  
Moody (William Vaughan), *Poems*..... (Gay and Bird) net 5/0

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Pedder (H. C.), *Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain*..... (Stock) net 2/6  
Hardy (Rev. E. J.), *Pen Portraits of British Soldiers*..... (Unwin) 1/0  
The Coronation Book of Edward VII., Part 4..... (Cassell) 1/0  
Kinoshita (Yefaro), *The Past and Present of Japanese Commerce*..... (Kiege) 6/0  
Duggan (Stephen Pierce Hayden), *The Eastern Question*..... (Macmillan) net 2/0  
Paul (Herbert W.), *Matthew Arnold*..... (Macmillan) 6/0  
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Kitton (Frederic G.), *Charles Dickens, His Life, &c.*..... (Jack) net 5/0

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Wilks (Sir Samuel), *The Relation of Science to Art*..... (Mayle) net 0/6  
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Layard (George Somes), *The Gentle Art of Book Lending*  
(Malvern Federated Library)  
Clifford (Hugh) and Swettenham (Frank A.), *A Dictionary of the Malay Language, Part V.—The Letter "G" (Government Printing Office, Taiping)*  
International Catalogue of Scientific Literature: M. Botany. Part I. (Harrison) 21/0  
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Supplementary Regulations for Secondary Day Schools (Eyre and Spottiswoode) 0/4  
The Writers' Year-Book, 1902..... (Writers' Year-Book Company) 1/6  
Chiozza (L. G.), *British Trade and the Zollverein Issue*..... (Commercial Intelligence) net 1/0  
University Extension Summer Meeting, Cambridge, 1902.—Syllabus of Lectures and Time-Table..... (Cambridge University Press) 1/0

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Coyne (William P.), edited by, *Ireland, Industrial and Agricultural*  
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